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Current Comments

Trade Union Reform

THE discussion of the past month should leave Ministers and Parliament in no doubt as to the general lines of trade union reform. It matters nothing that the General Council of the Trade Union Congress in mid-January burked the issue and continued the pretence that the general strike of last May was "non-political." Even had it not been planned as a challenge to the Constitution it became one, and any repetition must be put beyond question by definite legal enactment. It is for Parliament, elected by the people, and for no other body, to say what public services shall function and what business shall proceed, and the first duty of the House of Commons is to set down that fact in the clearest language and attach to law-breakers full penalties for any breach. In the second place there must be a precise legal definition of "picketing" which will end the farce of "peaceful persuasion" when it takes the form of terrifying a man and his wife and children because he wishes to go on with his work. A worker's right to withhold his labour cannot and will not be taken away but his right to work must be restored to him. These are clarifications of the law which should, and, we believe, will, have the support of the great body of workers. Nor do we see why the Government should not carry with them the bulk of the workers and the more moderate of their Parliamentary leaders in correcting manifest abuses in the management of trade union ballots and in the abolition of the levy for political purposes. As Dr. Arthur Shadwell has shown, there are trade unions whose ballots are well ordered, and just as factory legislation was passed to level up the practice of bad employers to the standard of the good ones, so the practice of all trade unions may be levelled up to that of the best. It becomes, indeed, a question of rules to invalidate ballots which are so manipulated as not to express the unfettered wishes of members. No trade union leader can deny that in the working of some unions

there have been flagrant breaches of the intentions of Parliament with regard to the separation of the political fund from benefit and other funds, the granting of exemption from the political levy and the rights of exempted members. There has been ample and undeniable evidence of pressure used to deter men from applying for exemption, of artificial difficulties and delays in granting it, and of other arbitrary proceedings tending to defeat both the intentions of the Act and the professions of Parliamentary Labour leaders.

All trade unions should be registered as are friendly societies and brought under the supervision of a fully-empowered Chief Registrar with clearly-defined duties. There is nothing in such reforms that could be fairly construed as an attack upon trade unionism, which more than ever in these days of organized industry has a necessary part to play in national life.

"Moral Leadership"

THAT America should come out in favour of granting "immediate autonomy" to China is not remarkable. Washington thus achieves once more an impressive *beau geste* at other peoples' expense. America's chief interest in China is sentimental, identified in politics with the ideas of the uplifter in general and of the missionary profession in particular; she can therefore afford to regard with complacency the scrapping of two centuries of British enterprise and some 700 millions of British capital. But that any Englishman should be ready, after what has happened at Hankow, to risk further depths of humiliation would be surprising were we not unhappily familiar with the superior type of person who would willingly sacrifice China, India, and the Raj itself to vindicate any one of his pet theories and to make this country the Little England of his dreams.

Chinese Nationalism

ALL the arguments and exhortations of these closet philosophers are based on the assumption that the Cantonese faction represents "a new, nationally conscious China," and that it is our duty, and to our interest, to further their "patriotic ideals." But the truth of the matter is, that there is absolutely nothing to distinguish the

leaders of the Kuomintang from the other bandit-rulers and political adventurers who are ruining China, except their superior political organization and the support which they are receiving, for sinister ends, from the Communists of Moscow. The loud professions of "nationalism" under which they cloak their predatory designs are merely part of their skilful propaganda. Any one who has studied modern Chinese history knows that, from the earliest days of the country's intercourse with the West, the Chinese have always displayed an instinctive fear and dislike of foreigners (wherein they resemble many other nations), and that these sentiments have repeatedly found expression in widespread anti-foreign movements. The present policy of the Cantonese leaders is identical with that their forefathers adopted in the days of the East India Company, and with that of the Empress Dowager in 1900. It is the ancestral policy of exclusion, distinguished only in its present application by the adroit use of the new weapons, which we have taught them to use, political propaganda and the Press. The history of the two centuries of our commercial intercourse with China is a long record of the manifold devices of the mandarin, struggling between his appetite for the wealth to be derived from taxing the foreigner's trade and his desire to keep the foreigner himself at arm's length. At no time has the patriotism of the Chinese people manifested itself in any way other than by exhibitions of their resentment at the presence of the strangers within their gates and an invincible belief in the superiority of the Middle Kingdom to all outer barbarian countries. Its inspiration is fundamentally the same to-day as it was two hundred years ago, the inspiration of centuries of isolation inviolate, of a race-mind imbued, as Sir Robert Hart wrote, with "pride of race, pride of intellect, pride of civilization, pride of supremacy, in its massive and magnificent setting of blissful ignorance." But of "patriotic ideals," consciously and unselfishly pursued towards definite ends of national security and progress, of any genuine determination to help China to win her rightful place in the comity of nations, as Japan has done, by discipline, efficiency, and honest administrative reforms, there has never been, and there is not, any sign. The assumption that these

patriotic ideals are the driving force behind the Cantonese Nationalist movement is therefore wholly fallacious, and the edifice of optimism based upon this assumption is a house built upon sands of delusion.

Six Months of M. Poincaré

LAST July France appeared in imminent danger of being dragged into chaos by the breakdown of her political system. In addition to all the weaknesses and vices of unbridled democracy French Parliamentary government is paralysed by a form of proportional representation resulting in the indefinite multiplication and perpetuation of futile minorities. In France, as elsewhere, these groups, none of them able to govern effectively, have reduced politics to a contemptible game of chicane and cabal. Their chief concern has been self-preservation and the obstruction or blackmail of any rival group which for the moment was attempting to govern. In July last the incompetent series of ministries produced by this system culminated in the twenty-four hour appointment of M. Herriot and the fall of the franc to 250 to the £. A financial panic impended, had, indeed, already begun. The treasury was empty. It was obvious that if confidence were not immediately restored, chaos must ensue, the franc might be 1,000 to the £ within a week, and a dictatorship would be the only alternative to anarchy. Many, contemplating these alternatives, despaired of constitutional salvation. The stage was set for the emergence of the traditional dictator. In a few hours the crisis was averted by M. Poincaré, whose devotion to France and the constitution are indivisible. The magnitude and the imminence of the danger reduced his former opponents to frightened impotence before the public resentment at the pass to which their futility had brought the nation. The general apprehension, coupled with relief at the prospect of escape from disaster, virtually endowed M. Poincaré with much of the power of a dictator, which he has not hesitated to use with promptitude and firmness. But he has always acted with so scrupulous a respect for the written constitution and the national interest that even his enemies cannot charge him with abuse of power. His achievements in the short space of six months are

well known and have been detailed in these pages. They confirm the view we have consistently expressed that there is nothing wrong with France but her present system of Parliamentary government. Even the genius of M. Poincaré could not for long overcome the vices of that system except under the stress of such a grave national crisis. That he thinks so himself may be inferred from his article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW in March of last year. In that article he deplored the constant encroachment of Parliament, in the form of innumerable committees and commissions, upon the responsible executive until it was nearly strangled. He explained also the effect of the adoption of the *scrutin de liste* for Parliamentary elections in place of the old *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or straight majority vote, as in England, and predicted that representative government must break down under the weight of all the ultra-democratic devices imposed upon the constitution in recent years. He pleaded, in fact, for a return to the earlier and simpler system.

The New Session

M. POINCARÉ has entered a new session armed with the confidence born of unique achievement, a victory of character, ability and high-minded patriotism. He has passed the Rubicon of the Senatorial elections. A few Socialists were elected, but his position is not threatened, and there is no reason to suppose that the elections reflected the opinion of the country any more than did the choice of Socialists for the presidential offices of the Chamber. The first were chosen by the electoral colleges appointed when the *Cartel des gauches* swept the country, and the latter by the system enabling the minority groups to defeat the candidate who could only secure the largest individual vote. The immediate future of French politics will be mainly influenced by three considerations, Finance and the franc, Foreign Affairs, and the General Election due at the beginning of 1929.

It is freely suggested that within the next few months the apparent success of M. Poincaré's financial policy will be severely tested, that the rise of the franc will be shown to have gone too far and too fast, that it will produce serious unemployment and dislocation of

industry, thus undermining the foundations of the balanced budget, etc., etc. If the stability of M. Poincaré's government were threatened by other and at present unforeseen events, it is probable that these apprehensions would be realized. Otherwise, we share the confidence we believe to be felt by the bulk of the French nation that M. Poincaré will succeed step by step in the rehabilitation of French national finance and credit, notwithstanding the inevitable and painful difficulties consequent upon the process of deflation which he has inaugurated.

A Forecast of Policy

PROBABLY no further material appreciation of the exchange value of the franc will be attempted for a period of six months in order to give manufacturers and traders time to adjust their holdings and commitments to present levels. After that, if no new adverse conditions develop, a further gradual rise is in view. While it is widely assumed that it is intended to stabilize the franc at 100 or some other figure, we believe that M. Poincaré will in the event favour a gradual return to parity, 25, even should it take five years or more. As a financial purist, he is likely to hold that for a country with the resources of France to stabilize its currency at a heavy discount is tantamount to a dishonest act of repudiation.

The policy of conciliation of Germany initiated in the Thoiry conversations between M. Briand and Herr Stresemann, so far as it depends upon evacuation of the Rhineland, will proceed a good deal more slowly than was at one time expected in Germany. It has necessarily been checked, not by any unwillingness in France for a *rapprochement*, which on the contrary is strongly desired as much by M. Poincaré and Marshal Foch as by M. Briand, but by the continual and disturbing evidences of war-like preparations in Germany, such as the Kœnigsberg fortifications, secret German poison gas factories in Russia, and the construction of strategic railways and elaborate concrete trenches on the Polish frontier. Conversations and perorations in the Locarno style cannot dispel the cumulative effect of these revelations. The much-heralded intention of M. Briand to

force a debate on his policy, which, it was thought, might shake M. Poincaré's position, has ended in a rather lame recantation by M. Briand. He at least is not yet ready to try a fall with his chief, and there is no reason to suppose that in this matter time will not justify M. Poincaré.

Electoral Reforms and Risks

THE reform of the electoral law, with a return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, thus eliminating several at least of the minority groups in the Chamber, is bound to result in a hard fight. It is rightly regarded as tantamount to inviting a large proportion of the present Deputies to renounce their own chances of being re-elected. Although their re-election is of no value to anyone but themselves and the cliques with whom they share the spoils, M. Poincaré may be faced with a serious deadlock. In that case it would be difficult to forecast the result of the general election in 1929. It seems certain, however, that a mass of middle and not very vocal opinion, independent of party, will unite in support of the only leader who has proved himself able to rescue the finances of France and recreate her credit at home and abroad. This will include the numerous *rentier* class, whose interests are bound up with the improved value of the franc and who prefer an honest and stable government to the rapid succession of make-shift ministries which led to the verge of bankruptcy.

Leadership and Stability

IN estimating M. Poincaré's hold upon the confidence of the nation it must be remembered that he has so far refused to bow to the advice of the bankers and financiers, English as well as French, who have insisted that the essential condition precedent to the rehabilitation of the franc was the settlement of the American debt. That he intends a settlement there is no doubt, but he has gained enormously in prestige and gratified the amour-propre of his countrymen by lifting the franc and restoring the national finances without American aid.

As time shows the need, judicious concessions will likely be made in respect of taxes necessarily imposed in haste, some of which may prove either to bear too

hardly upon a particular industry or class, or to defeat their purpose.

Amongst the less important of these latter we should not be surprised to see a substantial reduction of the rather absurd *carte d'identité* tax of 375 frs. levied upon foreigners making a stay of two months or more in France.

The wise adjustment of the innumerable international difficulties arising out of the war and the Versailles Treaty, upon which the future peace of Europe depends, will not be achieved without the co-operation of a strong, sane, and stable government in France. The best hope of this is that M. Poincaré should so consolidate his position during the present year as to ensure his return at the head of a National Government after the general election of 1929.

Housing and Subsidies

FEW people appear to have realized how beneficial to the prosperity of the country will be a continuation and a development of the policy outlined by the Minister of Health when he dealt towards the close of the Autumn Session with the problem of the Housing Subsidy. Dr. Addison, by an unlimited subsidy, forced up the cost of building to a preposterous extent; his downfall was followed by a decrease in building costs so tremendous that, in the spring of 1923, we had nearly reached a point when it would be economically possible to house the working classes by private enterprise without subsidies; the introduction of the "Chamberlain" subsidy in the autumn of that year raised building costs by exactly the capital value of that subsidy, and the increased "Wheatley" subsidy again raised the average cost per house by a further amount. The gift of a subsidy inevitably raises the price of the subsidized article by the amount of that subsidy, if the market is "short." But it has taken a period of eight years for this simple truth to penetrate the skulls of politicians. Let us hope that this first step towards sanity may be followed by others, until at length all the fallacies of the Coalition era are thrown overboard, and that shameful page of our history forgotten. It may seem ungracious on our part, when the Minister of Health has announced his intention of

dealing with the housing question by sensible methods, to criticize his action. But we are constrained to point out that his plan for reducing the subsidy by stages will ensure the maximum of trouble in the building industry. For it is unlikely that the building trade unions, any more than the Miners' Federation, will give up without a struggle their right to levy tribute on the workers in other industries. So there is reason to fear that each successive reduction of the subsidy will be celebrated by trouble in the industry. If the Minister of Health had announced that the whole subsidy was to be abolished, we should have had only one dispute instead of several. Moreover, such an announcement would have smashed the rings which now exist among those who provide materials for the building industry.

Empire Films

ELSEWHERE in this issue we deal with recent developments in the field of Imperial communications by air and by wireless. Another medium of great potential value to the Empire—the film industry—remains undeveloped. The late Imperial Conference essayed the part of Prince Charming, and may yet have succeeded in promoting this Cinderella of Empire industries to her rightful place. The Board of Trade is drafting legislation to promote the exhibition of Empire films, in pursuance of the Imperial Conference's recommendations, and the Dominion Governments are similarly engaged. There is a strong impression that the British Bill will require exhibitors to show a certain proportion of British films, and the wisdom of the measure is being widely questioned. It is unsatisfactory that the cinema should be used almost exclusively to spread American ideas, but the remedy is to produce better British films, and not to compel people to see mediocre ones. The majority of British pictures are undeniably poor and cannot properly claim to be "British" at all. The industry is largely in the hands of cosmopolitan gentry who tend more and more to imitate American methods. The "close-up," the night-club scene, the facetious and ungrammatical sub-title, the happy ending: these are becoming the stock in trade of British producers. Foreign or Semitic types prevail even among the actors. The big American firms, forewarned of the

impending legislation, have recently made a few pictures in England (with Hollywood "stars" in the leading parts) which have been widely advertised as "British productions"; these films, which are foreign in every feature, would presumably count as "British" for the purposes of the quota.

Another device for strengthening the American hold upon the British market is the erection of "Key theatres" for the exhibition of American films. Half a dozen of these "super-cinemas" have sprung up like mushrooms in London lately. The same thing has happened in Birmingham and Liverpool, also, no doubt, in the Dominion capitals.

The embryo film industry of the Empire will have a hard task to make headway against such organization. The quota may give a temporary stimulus, since the present output of British pictures is not enough even to supply the six minutes in every hour's entertainment which will probably be required. Something more will be wanted, however, if a healthy industry is to be established. A clean break needs to be made with the familiar fallacies of Hollywood; it is not lavish or spectacular methods which will gain British films a place in the world's market, but those qualities of sincerity and restraint which are lacking at present. Happily there are one or two pioneers of sturdy British ideas who may yet make film history. There is Mr. Wetherell, whose *Life of Livingstone* was a monument of courage and perseverance; he is now in Tobago, where, pressing the local planters and natives into service, he is reconstructing the adventures of Robinson Crusoe in the actual scenes described by Defoe. There is a British picture taken among the Maoris which for simplicity and beauty it will be hard to surpass when it comes to be generally released. These are instances of what can be accomplished, with comparatively little expenditure, by setting a plain, straightforward story against one of those backgrounds in which the Empire is rich. The device of a quota, and possibly some measure of Imperial preference, may set the immature industry firmly enough on its feet for it to go forward resolutely along a line of its own; if it does not, no time should be lost in finding other ways of accomplishing that end.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Tanganyika's Future

AN emphatic declaration as to the permanence of the British mandate over Tanganyika Territory was made by Sir Donald Cameron, the Governor, in the course of his opening speech to the newly instituted Legislative Council of the Territory. This may be regarded as the official British rejoinder to the extensive propaganda which is being carried on in Germany and elsewhere for the return of her former colonies, particularly the region formerly known as German East Africa. The Governor, expressly stating that his remarks were made with the full authority of His Majesty's Government, said that there was no provision in the mandate for its termination or transfer. It constituted, in fact, merely an obligation, and not a form of temporary tenure under the League of Nations. He added: "And let this not escape the attention of all who may hear it or read it. There are others in this Territory to whom I speak besides the non-natives; there is the huge body of chiefs and native inhabitants of the Territory. To them I have repeatedly stated in the many Barazas (durbars) I have held during the last eighteen months that Tanganyika is a part of the British Empire, and will remain so; to them the words I am now using will be repeated; to them these words are a pledge." That such a clear declaration was needed is evident from the reports which have been reaching this country as to the confidence of the Germans who are entering Tanganyika that its restoration to German rule was only a matter of time, a belief which some of the British officials and residents appear to have shared. Sir Donald Cameron's statement should do much good, but it does not remove the necessity for promoting British settlement in the Tanganyika highlands with a view to ensuring the maintenance of a British majority among the white population. Provision of adequate transport facilities must obviously precede any considerable extension of white settlement. The strengthening of the economic bonds between Tanganyika and the neighbouring British territories, particularly by the unification of the railway administrations, must also be steadily pushed forward. Without financial help from this country, Tanganyika will not be able to shoulder the burden of constructing the trunk railway from Arusha

via Dodoma towards the Northern Rhodesian border, which would facilitate both settlement and railway unification. On Imperial grounds the case for affording such assistance is exceptionally strong.

Empire or Commonwealth

When in the coming session Parliament reviews the conclusions of the Imperial Conference, as it certainly ought to do, Ministers will have to record a momentous change in the position as it stood when the Conference dispersed. Our Ministers and the Ministers of the Dominions then told us, and the Press acclaimed the news, that we had in truth ceased to be an Empire. The Dominions having reached full status were in complete control of their own destinies; the Imperial Parliament was no longer to have any effective say in their internal affairs or their relations with other nations; we had, in effect, become a Commonwealth of fully autonomous nations with no legislative or administrative bond of unity and solely knit together by the Crown. The foreigner, pursuing logic, said in his heart that this was impossible, and that if we were an Empire, we could not speak with five voices. Our spokesmen made answer that, defying logic, we should in the accustomed English way evolve a working formula of unity in diversity. But the Imperial Conference forgot Quebec, or imagined that it would fall into line and agree to make the Dominion Parliament the supreme arbiter of Canada's destiny. We now see that it will not, and as Quebec holds a pivotal place in Canadian politics, its word is decisive. Its Premier, Mr. Taschereau, Liberal and political ally of Mr. Mackenzie King, the Dominion Prime Minister, publicly declares that he and his fellow Canadians of French descent intend to cling to the British North America Act, under which the British Parliament guaranteed to the French in Canada their privileges of "language, schools, laws, beliefs and provincial autonomy." The federal pact of 1867 must not be changed in its essential parts without the assent of the British Parliament. Good Canadians as they are, the people of Quebec are not content to be left at the mercy of an Ontario or a Manitoba, which may seek, as they have sought in the past, to abolish the dual language and separate schools. Beyond a doubt and for similar reasons

French Canada will refuse to abandon its right to appeal to the judicial committee of the Privy Council on high constitutional questions. Did not Sir Etienne Cartier, a great French-Canadian statesman of the Victorian age, say that if ever a last shot had to be fired in defence of the British Empire, it would come from the gun of the habitant?

German Party-Politics

At the time of writing there was still no Cabinet in Germany. Dr. Curtius earlier in January failed to secure even sufficient benevolent neutrality to enable him to establish a Government with a tendency towards the Right. Dr. Marx, the Centrist leader, then tried a Middle-Party combination with the idea that the Socialists, though they might take no part in the Government, would prove benevolent in general to a Cabinet headed by a man of definite Republican sympathies. Apparently this scheme failed because Dr. Marx could not give the Socialists adequate guarantees regarding what they call the "democratization" of the army. Subsequently President Hindenburg asked Dr. Marx to try again, and this time independently of possible Socialist support. He is, indeed, frankly seeking the co-operation of the monarchists Count Westarp and von Tirpitz. The "apple of discord" in this third successive winter-crisis appears actually to be the personality of Herr Gessler, the semi-permanent Minister for Defence, who at least nominally controls the Reichswehr. The complicated system of proportional representation has only enhanced the old pre-war difficulties of obtaining a homogeneous majority in the Reichstag. It is composed of a number of "fractions," constantly flying apart, which successive Chancellors have the difficult task of trying to weld together into a majority. The Socialists' objections to Herr Gessler rest on the assumption that his sympathies are really with the Right, and that he had very little desire to interfere with such "irregularities" in the Reichswehr and its political associations as have recently been exposed. They are, no doubt, anxious, as are some of the moderate bourgeois members of the Reichstag, regarding the effect abroad of constant exposures of such irregularities,

but political control of the Reichswehr has practically become an object of party-ambition at both extremes. Hence it is difficult to satisfy requirements either of Nationalists or Socialists, or people who fear that under Socialist control the Reichswehr would soon be useless even for its proper purpose, that of maintaining in the last resort domestic peace.

M. Briand's Apologia

One result of the attempts of Dr. Curtius to form a Government by appeasing the Nationalists has been to increase French suspicions, and thereby to weaken the hand of M. Briand, who has been the object of shrewd criticism from French Nationalists. He took three hours, an unusually long time, to expound the foreign policy of France to the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber of Deputies on January 19, and almost the whole of the time was devoted to a defence of the Locarno policy, to repeated assurances that the evacuation of the Rhineland was not, and is not, at present even in view, and to refutation of the very confident Press reports of grave differences between himself and M. Poincaré. He was unusually epigrammatic and sarcastic even for him. "I know," he said, "that I am held by some to be naïve enough to give away the very towers of Notre Dame and ask nothing for them." At another point he said his critics thought he was just a juicy leaf of artichoke that they could easily consume. "No! They must take the whole artichoke, spikes and all." To the critics of Locarno he asserted that "in the day when you paralyse the policy of Locarno, you will stab France in the back." But he could not deny that at Thoiry the modalities of an evacuation of the Rhineland had at any rate been mentioned, though he asserted that if the Germans desired to free their country, it was their business to suggest the proper guarantees which should justify it. They had made no such suggestions and therefore the matter was not one of practical politics. Reading between the lines it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that within the Cabinet M. Poincaré's caution has had the better of M. Briand's enthusiasm. What effect this may have upon Dr. Stresemann's own position remains to be seen.

Plain Truths About China

By J. O. P. Bland

Were it possible, either by outside pressure or by the will of the people, radically to reform the Chinese system of government, there would be no need of pessimism in writing about the commercial and social future of the Empire, for the people are well disposed (unless their religious or social customs are attacked) and the country offers vast fields for educational and industrial enterprise. As matters stand, while from a certain philosophic standpoint we may question the right of Europeans to impose their unwelcome presence on the Chinese, and admit the latter's right to protect themselves against it by all means, it seems inevitable that sooner or later either the Treaties will once more have to be enforced " vi et armis," *or the rights they confer be largely abandoned.*

(From the *Times*, Feb. 18, 1906).

The cry is " China for the Chinese," but the result is likely to be China for the Chinese official, for it will require many years of education before this people learns, and is able to use the knowledge, that the realization of its national ideals depends, not upon exclusion of the foreigner, but upon abolition of that ancient official system which instinctively opposes all honest administration and progress. It is this system, this venerated result of Chinese theories of government, which must go ; not until the " consciousness of nationality " produces this result will China enter upon the path of emancipation. It is to education that most men look for this consummation, since the system has hitherto resisted all the efforts of economic pressure from without ; but here again pessimism lifts its unwelcome head, for the fact is notorious that amongst Chinese officials, those who have enjoyed the benefits of foreign education and travel are not remarkable for the sense of duty and the honesty of purpose which constitute the highest form of patriotism.

(From the *Times*, August 28, 1906).

I QUOTE the above passages from articles contributed by myself to the *Times* twenty years ago, in order to impress upon the reader from the outset the fact that the present position of affairs in China is no sudden or recent growth, but the result of causes that have long been operative, and that, with the exception of the Soviet's activities, it presents no new or remarkable features. It would be easy to go still farther back and find in the history of the East India Company in China, a great deal which

throws light on the causes of the present anti-British agitation and the real objectives of the Cantonese party. But space forbids. I will content myself therefore with quoting an opinion, very pertinent to the present juncture, recorded by Mr. Thomas Meadows of H.M. Consular Service in 1856, when China was in the throes of the Taiping rebellion. In the preface to his book, "The Chinese and their Rebellions" (a work remarkable for accurate observation and logical conclusions), he observed:

> There is unfortunately in British official life much ignorance of, and consequent inattention to, fundamental beliefs and general principles. . . . Men of cultivated minds know very well that "les institutions et la condition d'un peuple sont toujours l'application de la morale qui y est dominante," and that consequently, in every really sound political procedure, the dominant morality should constantly be kept in view. . . . So far as British official procedure is concerned, a large proportion of our errors arise from neglecting to connect our practice with corresponding theoretical principles; the mere attempt to do which would often expose the unsoundness of measures before we were irrevocably embarked upon their execution.

The errors committed by British official procedure in China of recent years have arisen from attempts to connect our practice with principles which not only fail to correspond with the realities of the situation, but which, from their nature, are incapable of being applied with any hope of success—principles (such as those laid down in the Washington agreements) which arise from a false conception of the universal efficacy of democratic institutions and political ideals, and from persistently ignoring the "dominant morality" of the leaders of the rival factions which have struggled for supremacy in China since 1911.

No good can come from shutting our eyes to the unpleasant but undeniable truth that the dominant morality in the political arena of China to-day is that which has always been manifested when, in the absence of effective authority, anarchy has prevailed. If the agents of the Soviet have succeeded in establishing themselves as the advisers and controllers of the Cantonese Nationalist movement, if they have been able to instigate and organize a widespread agitation directed towards the destruction of British trade and influence,

it is simply because they have kept in view the dominant morality. This also is no new thing. The Soviet Government has instinctively conformed to the traditions of diplomacy in the Far East, as practised by Mouravieff, Cassini, Pavlow, and other servants of the Tsars, in directing to its own ends the money-lust which is the most dominant feature of the morality of politics in China, be it north or south, old or young. They know, and act upon the knowledge, that any political propaganda which holds out promises of profit or plunder will awaken an immediate and widespread response; that, with the aid of sufficient printing presses and ready cash, they can call hungry spirits from the vasty deep and produce crowds to demonstrate and shout to any order. Even when restrained by the firm hand of established authority, there has always been material and to spare in China for the political agitator, amongst the submerged tenth, the outlaws and the destitute, who ask nothing better than subsidized disorder and opportunities for looting. Fifteen years of civil strife and brigandage have enormously increased the number of the homeless and the hungry, men ripe for anything that will put food in their stomachs and money in their purses. The leaders of the Cantonese faction and the Soviet Government, each for its own ends, have skilfully availed themselves of these dangerous elements and now proclaim their success as evidence of an enlightened spirit of Nationalism and anti-Imperialism in the masses. Given the requisite printing presses and dollars, it would be just as easy for any other nation or political group to stir up the same sort of agitation against the Cantonese themselves or their Russian allies. But the central fact of the situation, that which gives the Soviet propaganda an enormous advantage, is that the whole country has been so thoroughly sacked and plundered since the collapse of the dynasty, that, for the war-lord and the political adventurer, the only tempting loot in sight now lies in the revenues controlled by the foreign Customs Inspectorate and in the protected wealth of the Treaty Ports, especially Shanghai. In a note telegraphed at the end of December to the American Secretary of State, this aspect of the situation was stated with unusual frankness by the

Cantonese Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Eugene Chen. He objected to the British proposal that the new Customs surtaxes should be collected forthwith and handed to the local authorities of the provinces concerned, on the ground that "Shanghai, which has been on the eve of passing under Nationalist control without much fighting, must now become the theatre of a bloody struggle, since the millions to be collected there—40 per cent. of the surtaxes—are to Sun Chuang-fang and Chang Sung-chang like raw meat to beasts of prey." Which is putting the dominant morality very plainly.

Many politicians and publicists in this country and in America who are in favour of the policy of patience and conciliation habitually justify it by the assumption that the Kuomintang, or Nationalist, party offers the best prospect of restoring order and establishing in due course an effective government. It is an assumption which errs, as usual, by neglecting to keep in view the dominant morality. The Cantonese party has been particularly prominent and powerful in Chinese affairs for the last twenty-five years. Several of its most distinguished scholars became Cabinet Ministers and high provincial officials under the last of the Manchus; others have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the display of independent constructive statesmanship in the government of Canton for the past decade. But the fact remains that not one of them has ever consistently placed the welfare and needs of his country before the gratification of that deep-rooted instinct which impels every Chinese to place himself and his family beyond the reach of want. It remains unfortunately true, as it was twenty years ago, that "those who have enjoyed the benefits of foreign education and travel are not remarkable for the sense of duty and the honesty of purpose which constitute the highest form of patriotism."

This defect in the "dominant morality," the lack of disinterested zeal in the public service, is, moreover, manifested by the readiness of the Kuomintang leaders to make common cause with the Soviet Government. They are intelligent and keen politicians, these Cantonese; they can be under no delusions as to the motives which have led the Russians to assist them with arms, money,

and the machinery for propaganda, or as to the benevolence of her intentions. Though they must know that the results will ultimately be disastrous for their own country, they are willing to assist the Soviet Government to attain its immediate object—the infliction of injury upon Great Britain—if, by Russia's help, they can hope to secure control of the government and revenues—especially the revenues—of China. They know that the enforcement, by the aid of a foreign Power, of their claim to govern the country would not end, but rather intensify, civil strife, by consolidating against them the Chihli, Honan, and Anhui parties, and that when by reason of this strife, China's resources have been completely exhausted, she will be defenceless, at the mercy of her powerful neighbours.

There is, in fact, nothing to distinguish the present policy of the Cantonese party, in the matter of dominant morality, from that which led Li Hung-Chang to sell Russia a right of way through Manchuria, or that of the Anfu party, when they contracted for vast loans from Japan under conditions ruinous to China. The record of the " Old Parliament " at Canton was never superior to that of Peking, as regards venality and futility. Finally, in their general conduct of affairs, the leaders of the Kuomintang have given no evidence of the politic restraint, the disposition to conform to the usages of civilized countries, which might have been expected, from the utterances of their diplomatic spokesmen at Geneva and elsewhere. The southern maritime provinces, from which millions of workers have gone to seek their fortunes in the British, Dutch, and French Colonies, should be the last to clamour for the expropriation and expulsion of foreigners in China; it says little, therefore, for the foresight and political intelligence of the Cantonese leaders that they should lend themselves to the purposes of Moscow by countenancing, as they have done, unlawful seizures of property, the wanton destruction of churches and maltreatment of defenceless missionaries. But these things being so, what valid ground can there be for basing a policy of patience and conciliation on the expectation of goodwill and good works from the Kuomintang?

Apart from its failure to take into account the

dominant morality of the leaders in the long-drawn struggle for power in China, British policy suffers, now as in the past, from a curious lack of flexibility, a tenacity of ideas which remain fixed, although clearly inapplicable to existing circumstances. Evidence of this inflexibility is to be found in the unquestioned acceptance of certain stock phrases and formulæ by Parliament and in the Press, which generally reflect official opinion. For instance, since the doctrine of non-interference in Chinese affairs was recorded in the Washington agreements, it has come to be generally regarded as an axiomatic and undeviating principle of British policy. It had, nevertheless, by force of circumstances, become demonstrably defective in perception and illogical in application. As an abstract moral principle, it is, of course, unassailable, and, moreover, as old as the history of our relations with China. But as practical politics, it is no longer applicable, for two reasons. First, because it assumes, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that if left to themselves, the Chinese are capable of producing and maintaining a stable and effective government. Secondly, because the virtue of non-interference, as a self-denying ordinance, became negative from the moment that the Soviet Government began to organize and encourage the forces of disorder in China as a new weapon in its world-wide war upon civilization in general and Great Britain in particular.

If it were merely a question of leaving the Chinese to find for themselves, at whatever cost, a way out of their afflictions, the principle of non-interference, though cold-blooded, might be defensible on grounds of expediency. But the central fact, and the tragedy, of the actual situation are that, while the Powers that might have helped China have stood aloof, the Communist Government of Moscow has malevolently intervened. It is therefore no longer a question of our interfering in China's internal affairs, but of acquiescence in Russia's avowed determination to instigate the lawless elements in that country against us. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect on the minds of the well-disposed majority of the nation of the fact that we thus suffer Russia openly to subsidize hostile acts against us and to inflict grave injury upon our

national interests, not only in the Far East, but in Great Britain itself. That this tame submission to unprovoked attacks is primarily due to the subservience of our Far Eastern policy to that of the United States, renders it none the less certain to produce a most deplorable effect on the Oriental mind.

Furthermore, with regard to the principle of non-interference, it is to be observed that, while adhering to it implicitly in theory, we have persistently violated it in practice. The ideas diligently implanted in the minds of the younger generation of Chinese, by numerous religious and educational societies, have certainly proved more injurious to the stability and unity of the nation than anything that could have been done by armed invaders. Ideas are more destructive than plague, pestilence and famine when they destroy the social and political fabric of an ancient State without co-ordinated provision to replace it by something equally efficient and acceptable to the common people. The political and social ideas which Young China has acquired from its alien education during the past fifty years have served to imbue it with discipline, unrest and a highly sensitive amour-propre; but they have produced no symptom of a general capacity, or even of a desire, to bring the Western knowledge thus acquired into any useful relation with the customs, traditions and needs of the masses. In this matter of misdirected education, the American societies have been most active of recent years, but we must also accept our share of responsibility for its mischievous results. We, too, have endeavoured to impart the doctrines of democracy and Western social ideals to the youth of a nation which, by its character and circumstances, is wholly unfitted for representative institutions. We are largely responsible for the creation of the semi-Europeanized student class—the unemployed Intelligentsia—a class that is wholly incapable of governing and unwilling to be governed.

The creation and increasing influence of this class combined, after 1900, with the decline of the Manchu authority to create a new and serious menace to the unity and stability of the Chinese nation. As the result of the Empress Dowager's desire to placate the foreign Powers

after her return from exile in 1901, and of the rapid ascendancy of the Westernized student class, the ancient classical system of competitive examinations for the public service (regarded by competent observers as the chief cause of the longevity of China's civilization), was abolished. Writing on this subject, Meadows observed:

> The institution of public service examinations is *the* cause of the continued duration of the Chinese nation; it is that which preserves the other causes and gives efficacy to their operation. By it all parents throughout the country, who can compass the means, are induced to impart to their sons an intimate knowledge of the literature which contains the three fundamental doctrines, together with many others conducive to a high mental cultivation. By it all the ability of the country is enlisted on the side of that government which takes care to preserve its purity.

During the thirteen centuries in which this system of education and competitive selection for the public service has existed, there have often been periods, such as the present, when, because of civil war following upon the fall of a dynasty, or because of foreign invasions, the system of examinations has been in abeyance. But the living practical belief in the fundamental doctrines and moral obligations, implanted thereby in the soul of the people, has remained unshaken from one generation to another. Any aspirant to leadership, such as the Cantonese party of to-day, which attempts to impose upon the people a political or social creed that runs counter to these fundamental doctrines, and to the social institutions based upon them, is foredoomed to failure. And when, as in the case of Bolshevism, that creed is openly instigated and subsidized by foreigners, it can only hope at best to enlist the venal and temporary support of the least reputable elements in the nation. That it can ever serve as the basis of a stable and efficient government is unthinkable.

What, then, of the future? What should be the policy of Great Britain, confronted by the fact that anarchy must inevitably prevail in China for some time to come? In the face of the high-handed hostility displayed, under Russian direction, by the Cantonese faction, persistence in a policy of tame submission to indignity can only aggravate the dangers and humiliation of our position.

International co-operation, to stem the tide of strife and anti-foreign aggression, would seem to be unattainable. If we desire to preserve our self-respect and the respect of the Chinese, we must therefore rely upon ourselves, and, abandoning our deference to the political delusions of Washington, pursue without wavering a course of our own, adapted to the necessities and realities of the situation. Our choice lies clearly between two alternatives: complete surrender and evacuation of our position, or its definite assertion and resolute protection. Nothing but further humiliation can come of half-measures, of friendly parleying with insolent and irresponsible leaders, of sending warships forbidden in advance to afford effective protection, of entrusting the persons and property of our countrymen to the protection of China's rabble soldiery. Unless we are prepared to sacrifice to the delusions of the political idealists (which have brought us to the present sorry pass) all the fruits of two hundred years of legitimate commercial enterprise in the Far East, we must henceforward insist upon the Chinese respecting the usages and obligations common to the civilized countries with which they claim equality. We must cease playing with the fiction of non-interference, and recognizing that the hostility which confronts us is more Russian than Chinese in origin, face it fairly and squarely. We should meet this hostility in the first place at its fountain-head, by warning the Soviet Government that any further overt acts, in violation of its undertaking to abstain from anti-British propaganda, will entail the immediate expulsion of its representatives and citizens from British territory. This step would go far to regain for us the respect of the well-disposed majority of the Chinese people and give pause to those who, impressed by the spectacle of our faint-hearted vacillation, are now wavering on the brink of Bolshevism. In the second place, we should give our moral support and material assistance to any and every political and military force in China which proclaims its intention to oppose and expel Bolshevism and to put an end to its campaign of mob violence. In rendering such assistance, it would be advisable to endeavour to come to some practical working arrangement with Japan,

whose commercial interests are similar to our own, and with any other nation which desires to see peace and order restored in China. As a definite step towards checking the activities of disruptive elements, the adoption of a scheme such as that advocated by "Mencius Junior" in THE ENGLISH REVIEW last month would be perfectly justifiable and feasible, namely, the creation and policing of zones of communication (similar to those maintained by the Japanese in Manchuria) adjacent to the principal railway lines and navigable rivers. The training and maintenance of the necessary force of Chinese police under European officers for this purpose would not present any great difficulty and should speedily be made self-supporting. The Bolshevik menace once removed, these zones could be administered for a period of years, pending the reorganization of the country's administration and finances, in the same way as the Maritime Customs, under the control and for the benefit of the Chinese Government, without violation of Chinese sovereignty and with incalculable benefit to the Chinese people.

Continuance in the present policy of turning the other cheek to the smiter can only serve to increase the extravagance of the Cantonese party's demands and end in a complete surrender, without the honours of war. Do those who advocate persistence in the policy of patience and conciliation realize that the disastrous results of such a surrender would speedily make themselves felt far beyond the frontiers of China?

Empire Communications and Publicity

By D. L. R.

THE recent Imperial Conference, having proved by its own experience the value of personal intercourse, laid particular emphasis on the importance of developing the Empire's communications. Better communications, it was believed, could not fail to lead to better understanding. Airships, aeroplanes, wireless: these were the visible and invisible links which would best serve to strengthen the bonds of Empire.

In the short time since the Conference ended a notable advance has been made in this field. With the opening of air services in the East and in Africa a step has been taken towards the realization of two of the great Imperial air routes of the future—those from London to Melbourne and from London to Capetown. The two new Imperial airships, designed to carry freight and 100 passengers and to fly 4,000 miles in good weather without refuelling, will be ready this year, and if the Dominions do not delay in the erection of the mooring masts asked for by the Air Minister at the Imperial Conference, they may be making regular flights thither before 1930. Beam wireless is a fact between England and Canada, and an early possibility with Australia and South Africa. There is no scientific obstacle to the opening of wireless telephone services between London and the Dominion capitals.

The vision of airships and aeroplanes plying regularly between Great Britain and the Dominions is one to stir the most reluctant imagination. With the Air Minister's arrival at Karachi, after a flight accomplished with the punctuality of an express train, the air service between Egypt and India has come into being, and the first link in the chain which is to unite London and Melbourne has been forged. In Africa the Khartum-Kisumu service, which has been only temporarily retarded by a mishap to the Pelican seaplane sent out to make the initial flight, will be the first of the series destined one day to span the chain of British-controlled territories stretching from Cairo to the Cape. How soon these services will be

extended from Karachi to Melbourne and from Kisumu to Capetown respectively depends, to some extent, on the Australian and South African Governments, which will have an excellent opportunity to co-operate in developing Imperial communications. At this end the question will arise of linking Cairo, the joint Near Eastern terminus of the Melbourne and Karachi routes, by air with London.

These developments will take time, but at all events a beginning has been made, and the realization of the great Imperial air routes seems to be at hand. It has taken nearly eight years, however, to accomplish as much; for that space of time has passed since Ross and Keith Smith and Pierrie van Ryneveld first blazed the trail from England to Australia and to South Africa.

The flight of the "Moths" from London to Karachi is another notable achievement. Two private owners, Mr. Stack and Mr. Leete, started from London in November last in small Moth touring aeroplanes with 60 h.p. engines and an endurance of approximately eight hours. They have now flown about 5,500 miles across mountains, sea, and desert, in weather conditions which have been consistently bad. This venture, accomplished without any preparation, in machines which had been regarded as suitable only for "joy-riding," stands by itself, and the story of it can be commended to those who care for plain tales of great achievements. It is pleasant to reflect that British pilots have led the way in this particular branch of flight, and the advertising value of the journey to British constructors of "sports model" aircraft cannot be over-estimated. The enterprising Moths will give a great stimulus to private flying all over the world, and will do more than anything to make the Empire realize that the aeroplane is no longer exclusively the instrument of commerce or of war, but also the future vehicle of sport and private travel. The day of the owner-pilot is here.

In the domain of the unseen and intangible, Imperial communications have made even more rapid progress. Developments of bewildering significance have pressed hard upon each other. A beam wireless service with Canada has been opened, and we are now able to communicate by telegram with our cousins across the Atlantic

without paying tribute to American interests. A similar service with Australia will follow shortly, and another with South Africa is not far distant.

Telephone conversation has been exchanged with Canada. The Marconi Company, in fact, states that, wherever it is possible to conduct high-speed wireless telegraphic services on the beam system, wireless telephony can also be carried on. We get a glimpse of the years of patient research which precede these matter-of-fact announcements when we learn that Senator Marconi actually spoke to Australia so long ago as 1924. One's satisfaction at learning that these wonders are possible, however, is somewhat marred by the thought that they are not made to serve the ends of Imperial publicity. The Empire has definitely recognized the sweetness of the uses of advertising, and the Empire Marketing Board has £500,000 to spend in 1926–27 and £1,000,000 in 1927–28 upon making Empire products known. Opportunities for gratuitous publicity, however, should not be neglected. If wireless telephony to Canada is practicable, a service to Ottawa might well have been placed at the disposal of the public before one to New York. Looking back at the columns given in the newspapers to the London–New York service, it certainly seems regrettable that this flood of publicity could not have been diverted to the benefit of those Imperial communications whose importance has been so strongly urged. The whole of the expenditure laid out by the Empire Marketing Board may not stimulate Imperial feeling to the same extent as the publicity which might have been obtained by making the first transatlantic telephone service one between Great Britain and Canada. It is difficult to imagine anything that would give greater encouragement to emigration, for instance, than such inventions as these, which tend to lessen the sense of distance between the Motherland and the Dominions.

The opportunity was missed, and wireless telephone services to Canada and the other Dominions are matters "for the future and for commercial considerations." Canada is no farther off than the United States, and if an American service is desirable, so, too, surely is a Canadian. The first consideration should hardly be

immediate profit. According to the Marconi Company's statement, wireless telephony and telegraphy services can be worked simultaneously from the same station by the use of a separate transmitter, which is said not to be very costly. There is apparently no question of great loss, even if there can as yet be no question of profit.

There is, after all, an Imperial as well as a commercial side to all questions of communications with the Dominions. Co-operation between the Empire Marketing Board and the Post Office seems eminently desirable. The Board is looking for suitable methods of publicity for Empire goods: the awakened public interest in all these new communications offers a ready means to secure it.

As for Australia, it is between eight and ten hours ahead of Greenwich time, and the period during which business hours here and there coincide is very brief; so it is unlikely that a wireless telephone service would be remunerative. The mere thought of bringing the distant Commonwealth within reach of the spoken word from Great Britain, however, makes so strong an appeal to the imagination that it will be a great pity if the expense prevents its realization.

One corner of the veil has been lifted, and the wonders we know are nothing to those to come. For many years yet public interest will be centred on each fresh achievement of science in novel communications. "Yesterday we signalled; to-day we speak; to-morrow we shall see," as the *Times* said after telephoning to New York. The day is not far distant when we shall be able to look-in as well as listen-in; when we shall not only speak to our friends and relatives in the Dominions, but shall also see them. When moving pictures come to be broadcast—and the first primitive apparatus has already been successfully demonstrated in New York—we shall be able to look-in to a test match at Sydney from a fireside at Sydenham, or watch a game of lacrosse at Winnipeg from an armchair at Winchester. Airships, aeroplanes, and wireless, reducing physical distances, will bring the scattered parts of the Empire close together, and in the awakening interest in Imperial communications lies the most fertile field for Imperial publicity.

The Crusade Against Bolshevism

By Maître Theodore Aubert

President of the Geneva Permanent Bureau of the International Entente against the Third International

A DISPATCH from the Dutch Minister in Russia, dated September, 1918, and reproduced in the English White Book (a collection of reports on Bolshevism in Russia, published by His Majesty's Stationery Office) formulates with prophetic exactitude the consequences which were bound to follow the advent of Lenin:

"The immediate suppression of Bolshevism is the greatest problem of the present time, not excepting the war. If Bolshevism is not immediately rooted out, it will spread, *in one form or another*, throughout Europe and the entire world. *The only way to avoid the danger is collective action by all the Powers.*"

Bolshevism did, in fact, very soon after establishing its sanguinary power over Russia, begin, in one form or another, to spread to Europe and the entire world. And to-day all who have studied it and followed its manifestations, or who to their cost have felt its effects, have come to the conclusion that the only way to avoid and destroy the danger is collective action by the Powers.

Bolshevism, of which the directing organs are the Soviet Government and the Komintern, so closely bound together that they are the *alter ego* the one of the other, has chosen one form of extension for Europe and another for Asia and Africa. In the countries west of Russia the Komintern has pursued the overthrow of the established order by preaching the gospel of hatred and the class war. More than twenty States—this may have been forgotten, but the list can easily be drawn up—have in turn been more or less violently shaken by its perfidious action. The results of the labours of Soviet agents appear sometimes in the form of a general revolutionary strike (Switzerland, 1918; Great Britain, 1926), sometimes as a Communist "putsch," sometimes as an act of terrorism like the explosion in the cathedral of Sofia, or a nocturnal enterprise such as that at Reval. The aim has always been, and always will be, the setting up of a cruel and destructive dictatorship after the model of Lenin.

So soon as a European State shows any sign of weakness, Moscow sets to work to make this weakness fatal.

If it has not succeeded hitherto, it will succeed to-morrow unless an offensive is undertaken. It is a fight to the death declared by Lenin in the words: "We are doomed to perish unless Revolution breaks out in other countries."

Outside Europe, in Asia and Africa, Soviet tactics change. Their propagandist schools educate the coloured peoples while taking care to excite racial passions and encourage special aptitudes for hatred of the white man. The Bolsheviks give neither independence nor autonomy to the local races of Asiatic Russia, and Bukharine declares it impossible to concede these to nationalities which he calls inferior; but the arm of nationalism is good to turn against the colonizing countries, and hatred of the white races—the British in particular—is singularly profitable to Moscow.

Further, the Soviets have very extensive means of action. They may be summarized here:

First of all, political and economic power: that of Russia, greatly weakened, no doubt, greatly diminished, bled white, but remaining, nevertheless, an empire of one hundred and forty million inhabitants. The Soviet Government impoverishes public instruction, lets the railways fall into ruin on all but the most important lines, and expends most of its income on the upkeep of the Red Army, the Red Pioneers, and Bolshevist propaganda abroad. Very soon Chinese money will come to its aid. The leaders of the Soviets and the Komintern are specialists in revolution. It is a science with them, and it is scientifically that they have, by tireless labour, spread throughout the world a network of their organizations and agents.

The tremendous economic, political, social and moral eddy left by the war easily creates the revolutionary situations so warmly recommended by Lenin as propitious to action. Moreover, political instability has so far prevented (as Moscow knows very well) any common action against Bolshevism. All the efforts of the Soviets have been, are, and will be, directed against unity and reconciliation between nations. They rejoice in the silence and feebleness of the League of Nations in regard to them. Economic instability is an arm they know how to use with diabolical cleverness. The purchasing power of commerce under Soviet monopoly is relatively feeble,

but adroitly handled this power assures them influential support in the industrial world of certain great countries. Some traders take advantage; the countries suffer.

What are the results of these means of action? They are enormous. The ordinary man, going about his business and pleasure, does not realize it. Life around him goes on as before. Yet even in these last two years what tremendous force the Soviet lever has revealed! With a few million pounds it has let loose a general strike in Great Britain and nursed the miners' strike during long months, causing the principal adversary of the Soviets an economic loss running into several hundreds of millions of pounds. A magnificent Bolshevik victory, which is not, and will not be, the only one, for they are starting their game over again. Another result, no less extraordinary, is being obtained by them in China. There Chinese hatred of the foreigner has been cleverly turned by them against the English; it was hoped at Moscow that the other States, jealous of the importance of British establishments in the Far East, would laugh in their sleeves. But he laughs best who laughs last, especially when he is a Bolshevik. And it will be he, if he is allowed to go on; and after the English it will be the turn of the other nations in China. The Dutch are alive to this, for they have a bone to pick with the Bolsheviks in the Dutch East Indies.

It may be thought that by their action in Asia the Soviets have simply resumed the policy of rivalry between Russia and Britain, so happily brought to an end by Edward VII and Nicholas II. But the Soviets are not concerned with Russian interests. Their aim is the ruin of the British Empire, of British civilization, and through it of civilization as we know it. When anyone is brought up under Communism as a disciple of Marx and Lenin, he sees his greatest enemy in the Anglo-Saxon, who is an individualist and a disciple of liberty and personal initiative.

So we have in two years a loss of hundreds of millions inflicted on Great Britain at home, her establishments in the Far East compromised, Soviet agents working from the west of China towards India, and Borodine dictating Moscow's laws to over a hundred million Chinese. Such is the work of the Soviets and the Komintern!

What sort of defence is being put up? None whatever. It is thought to coax them; it is said that they are evolving, that they are becoming more bourgeois. This is an error in psychology which will be fatal if persisted in. Can a Government which prepares for the future of its party by inculcating class hatred in the younger generation and brings it up in the class war evolve? They may adopt the outward aspect of evolution in order to rob the unwary of other countries of the capital and machinery they need, only to turn these against them afterwards. And no defence is offered. Yet the danger is immense. What shall we obtain from Bolshevism triumphant? A tree is judged by its fruits. The fruits of Bolshevism have always been death. In the first place there is the martyrdom of a great people, whose blood has flowed in streams under the tortures and assassinations of the Cheka, and who are still under the yoke of an espionage whose practices are the most odious ever known. The wages of Soviet Russia are ruin, poverty, sickness, and death, whereas Europe, which the Soviets sneer at as capitalist, has reconstructed her devastated areas and, little by little, re-established her economy. In Moscow, on the admission of the Soviet press itself, bands of criminal children (about fifty thousand) haunt the mean streets, and there is none to care for them, whilst the Communist child, the Red Pioneer, enjoys every privilege and advantage. Youth is prostituted, family and society life has disappeared, State industry is building up deficits, the number of workers decreases, the unemployed increase and are given no aid, the social measures which were to create an earthly paradise for the proletariat have only been applied to a few of the more fortunate, salaries are far below those in other countries, industrial accidents more numerous, workers' dwellings deplorable. Such are the fruits of Bolshevism!

But the money which is needed to pay proper wages to Russian workers, to keep the unemployed alive and provide safety appliances against accidents, is not lacking for the upkeep of great propaganda secretariats of the Komintern in foreign countries, for the Communist parties, for the foreign section of the Cheka, the Bolshevist sports internationals and internationals of peasants, women, and youths, the Red Pioneers, and

international aid to revolutionaries. Thousands of well-paid agents preach throughout the world Moscow's gospel of hate, stir up jealousies, hire those who can be useful to them, and where they cannot obtain declared allies, still succeed in neutralizing those who ought to be their declared adversaries.

The heart of man is well understood at Moscow, especially its evil instincts, and use is made of them to obtain a formidable secret power in all sections of society. Even the noble and sacred instincts of the human soul are utilized. Sublime phrases regarding peace and the affections of the poor are prostituted, and more than one well-intentioned man has been hoodwinked.

Thus the Soviets prepare an unhappy future for the world, like the present unhappy lot of the Russian people. For it must be recalled, not only to the conscience of Christianity, but to the conscience of humanity, that this people continues to suffer under a tyranny a hundred times worse than the Tsarist regime. And one should rightly stigmatize those who, from mercantile motives, seek to make money by trading with these tyrants, or who shoulder one another in the antechambers of Soviet embassies or at their fêtes, hoping to profit by their toadyism towards men whose hands are red with the blood of the victims of the Cheka.

Slowly, for it is difficult to act together over a vast expanse comprising one-sixth of the globe, the Russian people are rising up against those who have so treated them that even their souls seem dead. Their contempt and hatred for the tyrants grow daily. Like the negroes of former times bowed under slavery, they have the right to human aid. But up to now few have offered help.

It is thus a great duty for the peoples of Europe and America to aid in the liberation of the Russian people, and this in their own vital interests. So long as the Soviets rule at Moscow, there can be no question of social peace in the world (witness the example of Great Britain), nor of real international peace (witness the menace of the Red Army and the hatred which Moscow bears the League of Nations). Nor can there be any real economic renaissance in Europe. This renaissance depends on the two preceding factors, but it depends also on the re-opening of Russia to free commerce. With the Soviets no normal, fruitful, economic activity is possible. Yet

everything is in need of reconstruction in this immense country, which, in exchange for the capital and manufactured products of Europe and the United States, could deliver its cereals and the numerous products of its soil, which is prodigiously rich.

The old regime is gone for ever in Russia: the past cannot be re-created. The regime which has followed, and which is a thousand times worse, can do nothing but destroy. It is without faith or law. Let us repeat: so long as it remains, economic renaissance in Europe will be paralysed.

But there are other things to defend against Soviet destruction. There is all that makes up civilization: the Christian idea which teaches love of one's neighbour, whilst the Soviets preach hatred and atheism; respect for parental authority and the family, whilst the Soviets teach youth to scorn them; the institution of marriage, ridiculed by the Soviet divorce laws; law, civil and penal —civil law, because under the Soviets the State, commercial or industrial, is not bound by the contracts it has signed; laws regarding the individual, because Bolshevism destroys personality in the anonymous and monstrous mass of the State; equality before penal law, because Soviet penal legislation is nothing but a shameful parody of law, and only sets up class justice; moral law, because, according to Lenin, anything is moral which serves the Communist party; religion—every religion—since all are scouted and persecuted by the Bolshevists, whose journal, the "Godless," circulates by hundreds of thousands among Russian youth its blasphemous pictures; finally, youth, the future of the world, which it is our duty to preserve from such deadly poisons.

Rupture with the Soviets would be an act of high political morality: the fight against Bolshevism is a new world crusade against the men of Moscow, who wallow in blood, hatred, and tyranny; it is a duty for all nations and an inexorable necessity, unless to-morrow the whole world is to suffer the shocking fate of the Russians.

Public opinion should give the full weight of its support to the Governments in this great task. It alone can break the barriers which international rivalries oppose to common action and so create the single front against the Soviets. How great in history will be the people, the Government, which first raises the ensign!

"Home First" in British Agriculture

By Percy Hurd, M.P.

ARE we, in England, at last taking to heart the fable of Antæus? Are we learning to profit, as our forefathers did, by the truth underlying the story that every time he touched earth the wrestler rose refreshed and strengthened? Something at least was done to encourage the countryside in the closing weeks of the Parliament of 1926. Admittedly the measures passed are minor achievements, but their cumulative effect may be far-reaching. Taken together, they indicate one of three movements which must in time profoundly alter the whole agricultural problem.

The first of these movements is an affair of domestic politics. Why are Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and their respective parties so intent at this moment upon agricultural controversy, so keen in their appeal to the rural voter? In the past both Liberalism and Labour, in their words and deeds, have tended to take the world as their parish rather than the countryside; why, they seemed to argue, bother overmuch about home production when our ports are open to the best from every land? Their high national motives need not be questioned, but political leaders cannot overlook two present-day facts. One is that English Liberalism has not a single agricultural representative in the present House of Commons, while Labour has only one, and he is a landowner. The other is that, as Mr. Macdonald admits, the Labour Party has about reached the limit of its expectations of expansion in industrial and urban centres. It must win over a proportion of agricultural constituencies, now Conservative, if it is to secure power as well as office. Hence the Liberal and Labour campaigns in the rural areas, elaborately organized from headquarters, but so far abortive. They are bound to be intensified as political necessity demands. One of the keys to the success at the polls which each party covets is the agricultural electorate, and the appeal of competing politicians will be widened as they realize that the farmer himself is no longer the important political factor that he used to be. He is outvoted, say, five to one, by the

farm worker and his wife, and the now enfranchised village folk of both sexes.

The second of the new influences affecting British agricultural policy is the movement of which the Imperial Conference provides the rallying ground and the Empire Marketing Board the operating agency. We now use British taxes to encourage the marketing of produce from the Empire overseas in place of foreign, despite the fact that the one may be as keenly competitive with the British agriculturist as the other. This departure may have unexpected consequences in both British and Empire policy. Moreover, as the methods of putting competing Empire products from overseas on the market improve under the stimulus of State grants, the methods of the British producer must also undergo change. Such organizations as the National Farmers' Union, with its 120,000 members, may find a far wider sphere of usefulness than they now realize. Especially will the British producer be impelled to follow overseas example in the standardizing, grading, and marketing of his produce collectively.

In this article I deal with a third new influence. The principle of "Home First" may be said to have been one of the main motives of the Conservative victory of 1924—the English home and the English tradition as against an imported Sovietism on the one hand, and a flabby Cosmopolitanism on the other; a fair chance for the British producer in his own Home market; self-help as against State doles; private enterprise as against nationalized industry; ownership as against State tenancy. The present Parliament will be woefully neglectful of its mandate if it does not set itself to give effect to these motives in its legislative and administrative acts. The measures which are now coming into operation are especially welcome because they tend in this direction.

It is instructive to note the stages by which Conservatism has been led to these latest enactments. Cast the mind back to the days of the war. Mr. Lloyd George then led a chorus in which men of all parties joined with "Never Again" as their refrain. Never again should the Home Land be left at the mercy of the submarine and other new engines of destruction. To see the teeming millions of this country brought within a few weeks of

starvation was a terrifying experience; never must it recur. High State policy required a lessening of our dependence upon imported and especially foreign foodstuffs; the British producer must be enabled to do far more than feed us for the week-end only, leaving the other five days for supplies from abroad.

The Corn Production Act of 1920 followed, with its guaranteed prices to the farmer. It failed for two main reasons. A highly urbanized England liked the idea of a smiling countryside in the abstract, but was shocked at the thought of paying for it at the possible rate of thirty millions a year. The agriculturists also hated the control of methods of production and wages which a guarantee involved. In place of the Corn Production Act of Coalition origin we had the agricultural items of Mr. Baldwin's programme for the General Election of 1923. There was to be a subsidy per arable acre to bring land back to the plough, and, incidentally, to compensate the farmer for the absence of food taxes in a new general tariff on imports. But the housewives took fright: might not their food cost them more? The electorate killed the Conservative proposal of 1923. A year passed, and with Mr. Baldwin back in power we had, in 1924, the proposal to set up a tri-partite conference of owners, farmers, and labourers. Spokesmen for the whole industry should confer together and tell the nation how to restore and maintain at least a million more acres of ploughland. Labour politics killed that proposal. Those who claimed to speak for English agricultural labour stood aloof. They took their orders from Eccleston Square. In their view salvation for agriculture could only be found by fixing the Whitehall collar firmly on the farmer's neck; private ownership and individual initiative must go.

Thus matters stood at the end of 1925; so they stand to-day. Who can say how they will stand under the fuller development of the new influences? Ministers and, presumably, Parliament, accept the view that duties on imported foodstuffs and subsidies for arable production are alike barred. Equally barred is the project of a national all-party agreement. The last thing that Conservatives, Liberals, and Labour dream of at the moment is to drop the advocacy of their particular brands of policy, ranging from Protection on the one hand to Nationalization of sorts on the other. They show no

present disposition to lift agriculture out of party controversy and unite in a policy of development by means which all could accept. That seemed possible immediately after the war, when the lessons of the conflict were still vivid; it has vanished as the years pass. Time alone can prove if it can and will be revived. Instead of agreement, we see Mr. Lloyd George moving steadily to the Left, and in his progress elaborating a land policy which his once faithful Liberal Chief Whip likens to a cocktail of which Socialism is the gin. A well-known West Country agriculturist and Liberal chief declares that he will give up all attempts at farming if he is to have seventy-two Whitehall and County committee men sitting on his head.

How, then, is British agriculture to be redeemed? How is the rural population to be maintained to offset what the Agricultural Tribunal calls "the less stable instincts of the town dwellers"? We saw how staunchly agricultural labour stood last May when town labour succumbed for the moment to tub oratory and wild futilities, and united to hold the nation up to ransom. There is no more enlightening sight than a village audience faced by one of the disciples of Lenin; he does not talk their language, nor they his. England in the new days, as in the old, may stand much in need of the steadying influence of the countryside. How can it be fortified? Clearly not by any large and dramatic act of State policy. For the present, in the view of Conservatives at least, hope lies rather in approaching the problem from many angles with one main end in view—to clear the way for the agriculturist to work out his own salvation.

The British Home producer has the first claim upon the British Home market. This principle was frankly accepted by Dominion Ministers at the Imperial Conference of 1923, and reaffirmed in 1926. All they ask is that the Empire outside these islands should have a second place in the thought of British Ministers and consumers. Hence the Merchandise Marks Act of 1926. Its purpose, which Labour and Liberal politicians did their best to defeat, is to give the consumer the means of knowing whether what he buys is of British, Empire, or foreign origin. If in future he, or more often she, uses his or her money to pay wages in foreign instead of British lands, it will be done knowingly. Chinese eggs need no longer be bought as English new laid; Danish

hams as Wiltshire; American or Argentine meat as though it came from Norfolk. Obviously the benefit of this marking can only accrue to the British producer if his goods are at least as attractive to the buyer. He must live up to his new opportunities and learn the art of making the most of his goods when he produces the best.

The second measure seeks to give the farmer fair play in the marketing of his fat cattle. That he does not always get it was made clear in the evidence given to those of us who were members of the Linlithgow Committee. Under the Markets and Fairs (Weighing of Cattle) Act now in force, cattle fit for immediate slaughter must be weighed before sale, and their weight disclosed to intending purchasers. The guess of the buying expert now gives way to the evidence of the weighing machine. It is for the farmers themselves to see that the Act is turned to its fullest legitimate use.

A kindred measure—this time administrative—with "Home First" as its inspiring principle, is the ban placed upon pork imported from Continental countries where foot-and-mouth disease has become endemic. Beyond all doubt this importation has been directly responsible for serious outbreaks among British herds, outbreaks which mean in some cases the destruction of fine pedigree stock, and in all cases throw heavy losses both upon the farmers concerned and upon the taxpayers, who pay the owner such modest compensation as the law permits. So long as the disease is rife in these Continental countries, the ban will be maintained in the interest of pure food. The Minister of Agriculture has given this assurance. Labour and Liberal protests have been unavailing. It will be strange, indeed, if the British pig producer, farmer, smallholder, and cottager does not take full advantage of this unique chance to increase his hold upon the Home market. He has manifestly much to learn. Addressing the Farmers' Club recently, Mr. Ernest Marsh, the bacon-curing expert, told us that while his firm had 70,000 hams in cure which could not be sold because of their unpopular size, 24 lb. and upwards apiece, they had refused orders for at least 40,000 sizeable hams round about 14 to 16 lb. weight because they could not get them. "That," he said, "is not good for you and it is not good for us." In the last issue of the Journal of the Farmers'

Club there appears the advertisement of a Reading factory calling urgently for a weekly supply at "best prices" of 1,000 "prime, meat-fed, long, lean baconers, about 7 to 8½ score dead weight."

Rates are a grievous burden on the countryside far outweighing anything borne by overseas competitors. In particular, it has long been complained that the all-pervading motor traffic of these days has thrown upon rural ratepayers, that is, generally, farmers, the heavy cost of creating and maintaining motor tracks for the especial use of townsfolk and their through traffic between town and town. The old type of road would have been good enough for the farmer's uses; it is at the call of the townsman that new and heavy road expenditure falls upon the rural ratepayer. A rural district in my own Wiltshire constituency, where the penny rate produces only £140, has had to spend during the past four years no less than £12,370 in road "improvements" involving an annual charge of £2,400 or 1s. 6d. in the £ per annum. Water-bound roads have had to be reconstructed and dangerous corners removed. Yet, owing to the heavy rate burden, only eighteen miles of the roads of this district have so far been dealt with, and sixty more miles await similar drastic treatment.

For the first time Parliament has in the current year come to the relief of the rural ratepayer thus over-burdened. At the especial bidding of the Conservative Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons and the Rural District Councils Association, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Ministry of Transport have accepted the principle that unclassified roads—in the main, those under the charge of Rural District Councils—are eligible for maintenance grants out of the Road Fund as county roads have long been. This means a 20 per cent. contribution to rural road expenditure in addition to the percentage grants made annually for the improvement of specified highways. The principle being accepted, it may be assumed that as the Road Fund grows by reason of the increase of motor traffic, so the share coming to the rural roads will grow also, and since 80 per cent. of the traffic on practically all roads is now known to be motor traffic, the justice of the new policy is manifest. It is a notable fact that this development will throw more responsibility on Rural District Councils, for the new

maintenance grants are freed from the necessity of those continuous references to Whitehall which must mean increased bureaucracy.

Also to be noted is the fact that, by the new Rating and Valuation Act, the 75 per cent. abatement of rates on agricultural land is made a permanent statutory enactment and not, as heretofore, dependent from year to year upon the favour of a fickle Parliamentary majority when the Laws Continuance Bill comes under consideration. It is no longer left to run the gauntlet of vigorous Labour and Liberal opposition. At this time of financial stress it is, I suppose, useless to press for full justice to the agriculturist in the rating of his land. The 75 per cent. abatement is, except as regards 25 per cent. of it, fictitious in that the 50 per cent. reduction made by the Act of 1896 is calculated on that one year's assessment. Since then the rates have mounted year by year, but the abatement has remained at the 1896 level. That anomaly calls for adjustment, but surely the day will come for a bolder reform and agricultural land used for food production will be made as free as is the raw material for other industries.

The foregoing are, so to speak, farmers' measures, though indirectly what benefits the farmer must benefit also the farm labourer. The two other new measures are especially framed to help the little man and the worker in agriculture. Much has been urged in criticism of any policy of smallholdings, but it is enough to say with the Agricultural Tribunal of 1923–4 that "a juster conclusion from the experience of the movement as a whole is that there is room for an active smallholding policy in British agriculture and that a considerable extension in this class of holding is desirable and possible." Especially are smallholdings desirable because of "the number of people they keep on the soil in conditions which render them reasonably happy." Moreover, "the smallholding may often be a rung in the ladder by which men working on the land may rise to positions where there will be greater scope for their abilities. . . . It is one obvious way of maintaining the rural population, and this involves a number of motives such as health, defence, productivity, social ideals, and the provision of employment as an alternative to emigration." Those who know the facts realize that a smallholder's life is one of hard and continuous toil with obvious risks, and

agricultural labourers will often tell you that they prefer certainty of wage and hours under a "good boss." But the magic of ownership, the satisfaction of being "on your own," counts with many, and there is a large unsatisfied demand for smallholdings in suitable districts. The Act of 1926 is designed to satisfy that demand. The old machinery had come practically to a standstill largely because of the heavy charges thrown upon the smallholder in his struggle to independence. Under the new measure the Exchequer bears a proportion of any estimated loss up to 75 per cent. in any one year, and the Minister of Agriculture estimates for 8,000 holdings at a cost of £6,000,000. The especial design is to foster occupying-ownership, and that purpose had to be pursued in Parliament in the teeth of all Labour and some Liberal disapproval. They aim at nationalization and complete servitude to the State. Now a smallholder may acquire on easy terms of purchase anything up to fifty acres, or, if over fifty acres, up to £100 rental value; that is for the man who wants to be his own master. The cottage holding, on the other hand, is for the man who is more or less constantly employed on the land or in a village industry and wishes to buy a cottage and farm a quarter-acre up to three acres of land on the freehold principle. Our villages still possess a great fund of self-help and leadership, and the new Act should encourage these essential qualities in the life of the countryside.

The last of the new Acts to be mentioned seeks to do what the Addison, Chamberlain and Wheatley Housing Acts have all failed to do: to provide houses for agricultural workers at rents which they can pay. Modern building costs put "Council" houses beyond the reach of a man whose normal rent is 3s. per week; Council "rents" are, as a rule, double or more than double that figure even under the amplest available subsidy from taxes and rates. But in very many villages there are old cottages which, though structurally sound, are now condemned and empty, or are not condemned and empty simply because there is nowhere else for the occupants to go. These cottages could at a reasonable outlay on reconditioning be made good homes for the agricultural worker. The new law, which is to be given a five years' run, enables the owner of such a cottage to obtain help towards its reconditioning. If, say, £120 is needed to add a parlour, a bedroom or a scullery, provide

a dampcourse, supply sanitary conveniences, etc., then the owner can obtain two-thirds of the outlay, or a subsidy of £80—£40 from the State and £40 from the County Council, and he may add to the rent no more than 3 per cent., the remaining £40 which he himself provides. Thus a 3s. rent would become 3s. 6d. at most for 20 years. There are also barns and other buildings which can be converted into excellent dwellings. "A dole for the landlord," was the Labour criticism; as though 3 per cent. could be called a dole when safe investments outside agriculture offer double that interest. "Good cottages for farm labourers" is a sufficient Conservative reply.

This measure, like that relating to cottage holdings, gives an opportunity for a closer co-operation than we have seen between County Councils and Rural District Councils—a development much to be desired in local government. The cat-and-dog tactics so often pursued to-day are irritating and wasteful. Furthermore, provision is made to preserve the characteristics which give charm and interest to rural England. English-speaking peoples all over the world cherish, as we do, the visible signs of our history and among them our village cottages. In the words of Mr. Patrick Abercrombie, England may be said to have invented the village and she has certainly perfected her invention; nor is there anything like it in any other country. Yet some of the newer developments of rural housing show a brutal disregard for the old amenities. Council houses are being erected which are entirely out of keeping with the rest of the village, or we may have a heritage of ugliness in the shape of ribbons of crude Council houses fringing the bus routes. With such material aids as this measure of 1926 provides, we may see the comfortable housing of the agricultural labourer carried out with a full regard for that unique national possession—our villages. The invasion of rural England by the motor-bus is now, we are told, to be followed by cheap electric power throughout the land. Again, to quote Mr. Abercrombie, there is no time to be lost if the English countryside is not to be reduced during this century to the same state of dreary productiveness to which the English town sank during the industrial revolution of last century.

That would be a sad accompaniment of the policy of "Home First" in agriculture, to which the Acts of 1926 have given welcome expression.

No-Licence or Nationalization?

By Sir William Bull, Bart., M.P.

THE Liquor (Popular Control) Bill—or, as I prefer to call it, the Astor-Oxford-Liverpool Liquor Bill, because so many have officially sponsored it—has been put forward again in the guise of a moderate social reform.

On four separate occasions this thoroughly bad Bill has been brought to the notice of Parliament—once in the House of Commons by Lady Astor; then successively in the House of Lords by Lord Astor, the late Bishop of Oxford, and in November 1926, by the Bishop of Liverpool, when it made no progress. In 1924 the House of Lords, after a debate extending over three days, rejected the Bill by 166 to 50.

Let me examine a few of the outstanding points of this pet project of so-called liquor law reformers. In the first place, it proposes to give Parliamentary sanction to principles in the highest degree dangerous to the financial control of the House of Commons, and to the system on which industries and interests have grown up in Great Britain. The proposals for transferring licensed property from private ownership to a State department are remarkable for their want of equity.

The Bill is intricate and complicated, among the principal proposals being the following:

To repeal, except in Monmouthshire and Wales, the compensation clauses of the 1904 Act, under which over 15,000 licenses (700 a year), besides over 6,000 on other grounds than redundancy, have been extinguished.

The power of the Justices to refuse renewal of redundant licences is to be suspended for the next fifteen years, after which no licences can be renewed: but they may be regranted as new licences for one year only, preference being given to applicants who make the highest tender.

Compulsory polls of Parliamentary electors are to be taken in the third year, and subsequently in each fourth year, on a universally fixed day in nearly 1,000 districts, on the following resolutions:

(1) No change.

(2) Reorganization, which is nationalization of the liquor trade without payment by the public. If carried, subsequent polls are to be for Continuance or No-Licence.

(3) No-Licence, i.e. local veto or piecemeal prohibition;

to apply also to clubs. If carried, subsequent polls would be for Continuance or Reorganization.

These frequent polls are compulsory; there is no option. A bare majority only of the total votes polled is required to carry Reorganization, and a 55 per cent. majority is necessary to carry No-Licence. The voter for No-Licence, if that resolution fails, may have his vote transferred to Reorganization. Where that is carried, the result is Nationalization. A paid Board of Management, appointed by the Home Secretary, will take over and conduct the liquor trade in the area with power to appoint committees, employ officials, managers, servants, etc. The Board is given an absolute monopoly in the area, the local justices will cease to have control over licences, and no new club can be registered without the Board's consent. Central and local bodies, unpaid, appointed by the Home Secretary, are to advise the Board.

Under this proposed Bill, therefore, a majority of 55 per cent. of the people voting at a poll would have the power to dictate to the other 45 per cent. in a matter concerning personal habit. Why should that be allowed? And why should that bare voting majority have power to say that the stranger who in his travels finds himself within their gates shall be denied refreshment, the service of which is legal in adjoining districts? Again, why should a great industry be transferred to the State without a farthing cost to the State, and at the expense of the industry itself?

It is argued by the sponsors of the Bill that it does not originate the scheme whereby licence-holders pay for their own extinction, as this was done by the Balfour Act of 1904. But the compensation scheme of that Act, and the alleged compensation scheme of the Bill are quite different things. The Balfour plan is based on betterment. It applies to the reduction of redundant licences. The levies are graduated according to the needs of the area in that respect. When a redundant licensed house is closed, the custom does not disappear. It goes to other more or less adjacent licensed premises, and in that way the surviving public-houses derive an advantage. They get some return for the money they have paid in the way of compensation charge. But the Bill proposes a new and dangerous departure. The compensation charge must be paid by the Trade for fifteen years from the date

upon which the Bill becomes an Act, and at the end of that term no claims for compensation will be admitted. In the meantime, there can be no betterment. Licences may be wiped out by a No-Licence resolution, or they may be transferred to the State by a resolution for Reorganization, but in either case the result, throughout a wide area, will be the forfeiture of all the private interests in the licence.

The Bill would make the licensed trade pay out of its own pocket, not only for the extinction of its interests, but for costly and cumbrous machinery involving the employment of an army of officials at the polls and to administer a complicated scheme.

Here, then, is a political precedent set up for the purchase by the State of any form of property—a precedent which would socialize an industry with money derived from a direct levy on that industry alone. Could confiscation assume a more aggressive form?

In view of the political tendency of the times, the methods by which the Bill proposes that property shall be acquired for the State are too important to be ignored. Those who are demanding the elimination of private interests in the trade, and are proposing to socialize an industry with money derived from special taxation imposed only on those engaged in that industry, should not overlook the fact that, once that principle is admitted, it will probably be applied to all forms of property, including land, shipping, and the Church. To put the matter plainly, the Conservative party are being asked to range themselves on the side of Socialism, for the Bill proposes that what a man may regard as his personal property during the next fifteen years may afterwards be stolen from him with impunity.

This jumble of a Bill is designed, apparently, to please all sections of the teetotal movement. Its provisions, applied to England only, are impracticable, whilst the very memorandum attached to it is inaccurate and therefore misleading. The Bill proposes to promote temperance by alternative methods—the closing of public-houses, or their acquisition and control by a bureaucracy. In either case the change is to be brought about, as already stated, by a poll in which 55 per cent. of those voting are enabled to coerce the remainder of the inhabitants as well as those who frequent the area.

NO-LICENCE OR NATIONALIZATION?

In spite of its title, the foundation of the Bill is not "Popular Control," but bureaucratic control, and, in the end, nationalization or prohibition. The memorandum begins with the assertion, "The Bill gives to the inhabitants of licensing districts the right of deciding periodically," etc. It does not give districts that right; it forces it upon them, whether they want it or not. It is a coercive measure, and though it claims to be democratic, I fail to discover the democratic principle in a scheme which aims at exacting the surrender of individual freedom in the exercise of a legitimate desire to the dictation of a majority and possibly even a minority.

The opposition to this Bill, if persevered with, will probably be very strong—stronger than it was in 1924—when the House of Lords so signally rejected the measure. It is a patchwork of local veto, State purchase, and prohibition. We can leave the trade to look after the effect of the compensation clauses, but more important still is the interference with general public rights. In this matter the Bill can be riddled with criticism. If we tamper in this country with one of the most cherished rights of the people, it is not extravagant to suppose that we shall be visited with very serious consequences. Experience has taught many nations that, when an attempt is made to force humanity out of its ancient habits, evils far worse than those it is desired to cure are often created.

And why, after all, interfere with a people whose increasingly temperate habits should be apparent to everybody, and are reflected in official statistics? In 1925 the convictions for drunkenness reached the lowest level in any year since 1919, and in relation to the estimated number of persons of 21 years and upwards, the figures represent only 56 per 10,000 for men and 9 per 10,000 for women. In short, the record of recent years may very well give us confidence in the capacity of the English people to exercise its self-restraint.

I wish the clerics would give up the attempt to reverse the miracle of Cana by turning our wine into water, even by the direct process of Local Veto. The Conservative party is not, and could not be, behind this Bill, which flies in the face of its basic principle of individual liberty as it is understood in England.

Payment by Results: and Other Forms of Wages

By W. F. Watson

Of all the terms used in economic science "wages" is the most difficult to define, yet no phrase connected with that "dismal" science is more common and familiar. The word itself is the plural of "wage," derived from the Late Latin word *wadium*, meaning a pledge, which rather leaves one wondering how it came about that the reward for one's services is called a "pledge." It is not unreasonable to assume that the origin of the use of the word "wages" in relation to the payment of labour dates from the manorial system when tenants in villeinage, whether villeins or cottars, were pledged to plough or to reap or do some other agricultural work, for three or four days in the week—or at fixed times such as harvest—for the lord of the manor, as payment for rent. When the villein or cottar had discharged these liabilities, he was free—boon-days, as they were called—to do work on his own land, or on anyone else's, as, indeed, the cottars frequently did, since, not having a great deal of land of their own, they often had time and labour to spare.

It was from this cottar class that a distinct wage-earning class arose. We find that during the long reign of Henry III rent was rapidly becoming a payment of money instead of in labour, mainly because the lords of the manors were frequently in need of cash, and were always ready to sell some of their privileges in order to get it. Those villeins who had become free tenants, subject to a fixed rent for their holdings, developed into small farmers, whilst the poorer villeins, and especially the cottars, formed a separate class of agricultural labourers who, although not entirely without land, were dependent for their livelihood upon wages received for helping to cultivate the land of others. By the end of the fourteenth century money rents were the rule rather than the exception, although labour rents were not quite extinct, and a definite wage-earning class became an established fact.

At first the wage-earner received the full value of

what he produced. Adam Smith declared that "the produce of labour constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labour," and then he goes on to say: "This original state of things, in which the labourer enjoyed the whole produce of his own labour, could not last beyond the first introduction of the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock. . . . The demand for those who live by wages, it is evident, cannot increase but in proportion to the increase of funds which are destined to the payment of wages." And to-day there are many adherents to the fixed wage fund theory.

The best and most generally accepted interpretation of wages is that given by Francis Walker in his standard work on the Wages Question, namely: "The reward of those who are employed at production with a view to the profit of their employers and who are paid at stipulated rates." That definition at any rate suits our present purpose admirably.

It is a curious historical fact that almost immediately following the rise of the wage-earning class England was visited by a terrible plague (1348) which caused a great scarcity of labour, the demand far exceeding the supply. Not only did the wages of agricultural labourers soar high as a consequence, but carpenters, masons, and other artisans quickly took the fullest advantage of the acute shortage. So alarming did the demand for high wages become that Edward III, without waiting for Parliament to meet, issued a proclamation ordering that no man should either demand or pay the higher rates of wages, but all should abide by the old rate. He also forbade labourers to leave the land to which they were attached, and assigned heavy penalties to the runaways. When Parliament assembled in 1349, this proclamation was ratified in the law known as the Statutes of Labourers. This is, so far as one can learn, the first instance of State intervention in the matter of wages.

In view of the long miners' dispute and the tendency to fix wages, hours, and conditions by statute rather than by agreement between workers and employers, it is interesting to note the varying opinions as to the advantages of State intervention. Thorold Rogers ("Agriculture and Prices," vol. v) ascribes to the celebrated Statute of Apprentices (5th of Elizabeth) the degradation

of the English labourer for three centuries, due, he asserts, to the wages being fixed by the Justices of the Peace. On the other hand, Dr. Luigi Brentano ("Origin of Gilds and Trade Unions") declares that, so long as the statute was actually enforced, or the customs founded upon it observed, the condition of the labourer was prosperous, and that it was only when it fell into disuse that the degradation of the workers began. Opinions are still at variance on this important question.

It is evident that the system of paying wages in kind was the first method of remunerating labour. There seems no great objection to the payment of wages in kind as an abstract principle, provided the recipient gets the commodities he needs to the full value of his earnings, but, as the historians rightly tell us, the system lends itself to all sorts of abuses, and restricts the freedom of the worker to spend his earnings as he wishes. The "truck" system, as payment of wages in kind is termed, has taken many forms. Sometimes, but not often, be it said, the worker was paid with a portion of that which he himself produced, whether he needed it or not; it was more usual to give him the whole or part of his wages in the shape of commodities suited to his needs.

Unscrupulous employers were not slow to take unfair advantage of the system, and abuses were prevalent. By the fifteenth century the truck system was in full swing to the disadvantage of the labourers and artisans, the clothmakers, in particular, compelling their workmen to take half their wages in merchandise which they estimated above its real value. State aid was sought, and a Statute of Fourth of Edward IV, c. 1, whilst giving power to Royal officers to supervise sizes of cloth, modes of sealing, etc., expressly repressed the payment of wages to workers in "pins, girdles, and unprofitable wares." This was in all probability the first Truck Act.

The truck system continued through the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In 1748, the Gloucestershire Operative Weavers obtained from Parliament a special prohibition of truck (22 George II, c. 27). In 1799, in Monmouthshire and South Wales, the oppression by the "tommy shops" of the small employers was extreme, whilst in the North of England the "yearly bond," the truck system, and the arbitrary fines, kept the

underground workers in complete subjection. ("The History of Trade Unionism": Sidney and Beatrice Webb.)

It was not until 1831 that an Act of Parliament, generally referred to as the first Truck Act, was placed on the Statute Book, prohibiting the payment of wages in kind, except in certain specified cases. That this Act contained many flaws is shown by the fact that truck was rampant for many years after, particularly in the "hungry forties," and workers were "often obliged to buy their food at exorbitant prices out of their scanty wages at a shop kept by the employer, where, it is needless to say, they paid the highest possible price for the worst possible goods. This was rendered possible by the system of paying workmen in tickets or orders upon certain shops." ("Industrial History of England": Gibbins.)

Curiously enough, the trade union leaders of the day —no Labour Party existed then—adopted quite a lukewarm attitude to the flagrant abuses of the truck system. In fact, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, in 1877, dismissed the subject from their programme on the grounds that they were unable, in the trades of which they had knowledge, to find sufficient evidence of its necessity. It was Charles Bradlaugh, never a trade unionist, who, in 1887, secured the passing of the Amendment of the Law against Truck. Bradlaugh also initiated the useful law prohibiting the payment of wages in public-houses, receiving the mild support of the Parliamentary Committee when the measure was introduced.

Amongst other things, the 1887 Act made it illegal for an employer to charge interest on any advance of wages made during the week, and expressly prohibited an employer from dismissing any worker on account of any particular time, place, or manner of expending his wages. It was then the practice—still in vogue in the building industry—for workmen to "sub" their wages during the week. Abuses still prevailed, however, such as deductions from wages for arbitrary fines, bad work or damaged goods, materials, machines, etc., but the Truck Act of 1896 rendered such deductions illegal, unless they were in pursuance of a contract between worker and employer. Happily the payment of wages in kind is now very rare, except among domestic servants;

so far as town workers are concerned it has ceased to operate.

It is by no means easy to determine the exact period when workers were first remunerated according to what they produced. Indeed, it would appear that piecework has always been in vogue in some trades, whilst time-work, i.e. payment by the hour, day, or week, has always been the practice in others. Carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, masons, plumbers, plasterers, engineers, and agricultural workers were invariably paid by the day or week (payment by the hour does not appear to have been adopted until well into the nineteenth century), and the artisan class have always opposed any system of payment by results. Even to this day, workers in the building trades have successfully resisted piecework, not so much because of the strength of their organizations as by reason of the fact that the advent of machinery has not affected these crafts a great deal, and that, owing to the absence of repetitive work, the fixing of piece-prices is somewhat difficult. Agricultural workers have ever been paid by the week. In the mass production cabinet shops, carpenters and joiners have had to accept piecework.

On the other hand, such workers as weavers, spinners, cloth-workers, tailors, shoemakers, farriers, furriers, hatmakers, and brushmakers have usually been paid by results. Probably this is due to the fact that these workers formerly carried on their trade in their homes—many do at the present time—where, in the absence of any system of supervision or checking, time-payment was impossible, or, as happens with the farriers, factory methods are impracticable.

Since the dispute about payment by results or time-work rages most fiercely in the engineering industry, and since the writer has spent nearly thirty years as an operative engineer under every conceivable system of payment by results, it would best serve the purposes of this article to relate briefly the futile struggles of the engineers against payment by results. From the first the organized engineers set their faces determinedly against piecework. During the first years of its existence (1851) the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, now merged into the Amalgamated Engineering Union, adopted as a definite policy the restriction of overtime and the prevention of

piecework, and, although there is ample evidence that piecework did creep into some of the smaller shops, the unions were able to prevent its universal adoption for many years. Again, this was not so much because of the power of unionism as because machine-made stuff had not yet become a serious competitor to craftsmanship.

But the inexorable machine was beginning to make its appearance. Operations were being simplified and parts standardized, and in the eighties of last century there began a determined attempt on the part of the employers to introduce piecework into the big establishments. In November 1889, the men at the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company's works at Erith struck against its introduction. The strike lasted ten months, and, in a report issued immediately afterwards, the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers said :—

> Not in the history of the Society were ever arrangements so complete with a view to bringing a strike to a successful and rapid termination. Every member of our Society, and those of the Steam Engine Makers, left. For the first time in a strike all foremen were withdrawn, old and young, but without effect, as ultimately the strike was a failure.

The back of the resistance against piecework was effectively broken, and it became the practice in all big engineering works. Surely a classic instance of the truth that strikes cannot avail against the requirements of industry!

It must not be thought, however, that the engineers changed their attitude towards piecework; they accepted it sullenly and attempted to counteract it by practising ca'canny. In fact, although the great engineers' lockout of 1897 nominally arose out of the London engineering workers' precipitate demand for an eight-hour day, it was substantially due to the employers' insistence on being masters in their own workshops, entitled to introduce what new methods they chose, and whatever new systems of remuneration according to results they could persuade the several workmen to accept. In short, it was the outcome of the opposition to piecework.

The engineers' dislike for such work is as a dove's cooing to a lion's roaring compared with their hatred of the premium bonus system. With piecework, a fixed price is given for the job, the worker endeavouring to complete

it as quickly as possible, thus increasing his earnings. But under the premium bonus system (details will be given later) the worker is allowed a certain time to do his job, and, should he complete it in less than that allowed, he is given a certain proportion of the time saved in addition to his ordinary wages. This payment by results system made its first appearance in this country in 1902, immediately following the return of Mr. G. N. Barnes, then General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, from a visit to America. Indeed, it is thought by many that Mr. Barnes brought the system from the States. In any case, the facts are that it was enthusiastically supported, not only by him, but also by his Executive Council. Another staunch supporter of the premium bonus system was Mr. Sidney Webb, the well-known author of "The History of Trade Unionism," and now Member of Parliament for Seaham. Mr. Webb's views are clearly stated in the following letter, culled from the October issue of the "Engineers' Monthly Journal," 1902 :—

DEAR SIR,—I was very glad to read in the September "Monthly Journal" that a provisional agreement has been come to for the introduction of the "premium bonus system of work." I believe that system to be a good one for trade unionism.

In our long study of trade unionism for the "History" and for "Industrial Democracy," my wife and I were keenly impressed with the evils of competitive piecework in the engineering trade. Unregulated by any definitely established list of prices, and beyond the reach of collective bargaining, such competitive piecework inevitably leads to degradation and sweating. However specious it may seem at the outset, it is diametrically opposed to the standard rate—the principle of equal pay for equal effort. Any attempt of the employers to introduce such a system should certainly be resisted as contrary to the teachings of experience, disastrous to the workman's standard of life, and really, in the long run, no less injurious to the employers than to the operatives. No one with any knowledge of the past experience of such a system, or of its actual working in other trades, would dream of introducing it. In resisting it the men have political economy on their side.

On the other hand, the crude and primitive device of payment by the hour has many drawbacks. It is, when you come to think of it, essentially the method of the slave-owner. It in no way secures equal pay for equal effort—the standard rate—but only equal pay for equal time, which is a very different thing. It always leads to suspicion, even when not to actual cheating. The employer is never quite sure that he is getting from all the men in the shop a fair amount of energy in return for his wages. He is naturally apt to protect himself by

incessant supervision and "tasking," sometimes approaching tyranny. What is no less objectionable from the point of view of the trade unionist is that payment by time is a most unscientific and inaccurate method of remuneration. The essential principle of trade unionism is the maintenance of the standard rate of remuneration for effort. Without a fixed and accurately defined standard rate of equal pay for equal work, no successful collective bargaining is possible. But with time wages, only the standard of pay is defined, not the standard of effort. Thus, for the collectively agreed rate of one shilling per hour, one workman may be giving twice as much effort as the normal standard adhered to by his colleagues. Another may be giving only half as much as the normal standard. The first is undermining the standard rate, upon the maintenance of which the welfare of himself and his own class depends. The second is meanly defrauding his employers to the discredit and dishonour not of himself alone, but of the whole wage-earning class. I do not believe that the industry of any intelligent class of manufacturing operatives will continue permanently to be remunerated by this crude and inaccurate device of time wages. It is, as I have said, the method of the slave-driver, as it is of the "butty man" or sub-contractor anywhere.

In our "Industrial Democracy" my wife and I have analysed in detail the various methods of remuneration and their results. If the engineering employers would only take half as much trouble to study their business of organizers of men as they do who study their business of sellers of machines, they would, I am convinced, drop all idea of introducing competitive piecework. They would learn a lesson from the experience of the cotton trade or from the Birmingham brass manufacturers, and make up their minds to surmount all the difficulties that stand in the way of definite piecework statements in the engineering trade. For the whole branches of the engineering trade, at any rate, it cannot be quite impossible to have printed piecework lists, expressed in elaborate detail, as collectively agreed to by the association of employers and employed. If the example of cotton spinning were followed, these piecework lists would be authoritatively applied to particular jobs, not by individual employers or individual workmen, but jointly by two unprejudiced salaried officials representing each side.

Let anyone but inquire how smoothly and successfully this system works either in an Oldham cotton-spinning mill, or in a Birmingham brassware workshop, and he will wonder why men of intelligence should so long retain in other trades the primitive wage methods of industrial barbarism.

But for definite piecework statements in the engineering trade neither employers nor workmen are yet prepared. Under these circumstances the premium bonus system, as provisionally agreed to, seems to me an admirable expedient. The A.S.E. may, in my humble opinion, safely agree to it. The standard time-work rate is fully protected. The danger of future cutting of rates is well guarded against. As it is the first-class firms who are desirous of adopting the system, not the producers of "cheap and nasty" work, the necessity of attracting and maintaining first-class workmen (who will certainly not continue under the system unless they make top wages) enables us, in my

judgment, to dismiss this fear. And, what to my mind is a great advantage to trade unionism in the engineering trade, the system makes a distinct advance in rendering more accurate and scientific the working of the standard rate itself—the securing of equal pay for equal effort.

The only objection that I have heard to the premium bonus system is that it will lead to more work being done in a given time, with the result, as is imagined, of throwing some men out of work. But this is really a gross fallacy. If every member of the A.S.E. turned out 25 per cent. more work, and was duly paid for it, this would be to the advantage of all the men, as well as to that of the employers and the whole community. There is no fixed quantity of engineering work to be shared. The demand for machinery of every kind is indefinitely expansible, and grows every day with every lowering of price. The better the engineers work, the more they make, the greater amount of engineering work there will be to be done, and the more numerous will be the men employed. If throughout the whole world every man's labour was suddenly rendered half as productive as it is now, we should all be worse off, not better. So if every man's productivity were suddenly doubled, we should all be better off, not worse.

My conclusion is that the A.S.E. would be well advised to ratify the provisional agreement which their Executive Council has very ably secured,

I am, etc.,

SIDNEY WEBB.

Mr. Webb regards competitive piecework as inevitably leading to degradation and sweating, and payment by the hour as crude and primitive with many drawbacks. The writer, after having experienced both piecework and premium bonus, quite fails to see how piecework leads to degradation or sweating to any greater extent than premium bonus. Mr. Webb makes very little reference to premium bonus in his revised edition of " The History of Trade Unionism."

The provisional agreement referred to by Mr. Webb was ratified in the November or December of 1902, and is still in existence. Notwithstanding this fact, the Amalgamated Engineering Union—unofficially, it is true, through many of its District Committees—still offers resistance to the introduction of either piecework or premium bonus into any shop where time-work has hitherto been the practice. Of course, the resistance is futile, but the show of opposition leads to farcical positions. A member of the union may work piecework or premium bonus in some shops without let or hindrance, but should he accept the system in others, he is liable to be heavily fined. It was some years before premium bonus was

taken up by the employers generally, although a few big firms, such as Thornycroft's, adopted it almost immediately. In fact, Messrs. Vickers, Son and Maxim, formerly Maxim-Nordenfelt, did not make the change from piecework to premium bonus until about 1906, and in that year the men struck work against the system with no more success than in the 1899 strike against piecework.

The absurd thing about this strike was that Mr. F. S. Button, the leader, unable to secure reinstatement at Vickers's, was compelled to accept work at another establishment not many miles away where premium bonus was in full operation. Mr. Button was afterwards elected to the Executive of the Engineers' Union and is now on the National Committee of Production.

It is a curious fact that, hitherto, no one has thought it necessary to explain the complexities of the premium bonus system. When, in 1906, the writer was employed in a big shipbuilding yard, the workers' ignorance of the details of the system was appalling. They had not the slightest idea what proportion of the time saved the operator was entitled to. Consequently, they seldom knew just how much to expect at the end of the week. Much of the opposition to premium bonus is due to the fact that it has not been properly explained to the workmen; even to this day it is not understood by many. The average worker is not a mathematician, and the original premium bonus system was based upon a mathematical principle, as follows:

A certain time was fixed for a given piece of work. If the operator completed the task in less than the scheduled time, he received as bonus—in addition to his hourly wage—the same proportion of the time saved as the time taken to the time given. Assuming that ninety hours were allowed for a piece of work, and the worker was able to complete it in sixty hours, thus saving thirty hours, he was awarded as his share twenty hours' pay, which is two-thirds of thirty; sixty being two-thirds of ninety. Should the operator be quick enough to finish the work in half the allocated time, he would receive half of the time saved, namely, twenty-two and a-half hours' pay. Now, supposing the workman was a man of exceptional ability and quickness, and was able to complete

the task in one-third of the time (only in isolated cases has this happened), he would receive *one*-third of the time saved, twenty hours, having done the work in one-third of the time given.

It was a question of simple proportion, the ratio of the time taken to the time given governing the worker's portion of the time saved. To find the unknown quantity —the workman's share—all that was necessary was to multiply the time taken by the time saved and divide by the time given :

Hours given.		Hours taken.		Hours saved.		Workman's bonus.
90	:	60	::	30	:	20
90	:	45	::	45	:	22½
90	:	30	::	60	:	20

The writer has always experienced the greatest difficulty in getting the workpeople to understand the method of computation; as has already been said, they are not mathematicians. They instinctively grasped one fact, however: the more time a man saved, the less of it he got, since the ratio of the time taken to the time given was correspondingly reduced. But although this was actually so, the bonus was earned in less time, in consequence of which the hourly rate was increased and the pay envelope at the week-end so much bulkier. Thus, the earnings in the three instances of the ninety hours' job cited above, assuming the hourly rate to be one shilling, would be as follows :

1. 60 hours (time rate) plus 20 hours (bonus), £4, which is 60 hours at 1s. 4d. per hour.
2. 45 hours (time rate) plus 22½ hours (bonus) £3 7s. 6d., which is 45 hours at 1s. 6d. per hour.
3. 30 hours (time rate) plus 20 hours (bonus), £2 10s., which is 30 hours at 1s. 8d. per hour.

Very few firms adhere to the original form of premium bonus, the method now generally in operation being to allocate to the worker a fixed proportion of the time saved : 30, 50, or 75 per cent. according to shop practice. In one case only has the writer known the employer to give the worker the whole of the time saved. It should be mentioned that the balance of the time saved does not go to swell the profits of the employers; it is shared amongst the administrative staff. A few firms give their employees a monthly bonus, based upon

the aggregate output of the factory, but premium bonus is the predominating system throughout the industry. The writer has often wondered why the employers have never deemed it necessary to adopt a uniform system. In one shop the operator receives tenpence an hour for all time saved; in another 50 per cent.; in another 60 per cent. A few shops still adhere to piecework, whilst others continue to operate the proportional system. Uniformity would tend to allay the opposition of the workers, and surely it would facilitate costing.

It is not necessary to labour the advantages to the employers of payment by results. Estimating is facilitated, output is increased, and, generally speaking, the quality of the work is improved, since bonus is not paid on faulty work. It is, however, necessary to inquire into the reasons for the hostility towards payment by results on the part of the workpeople. Experience teaches one that, even from the standpoint of the worker, payment by results is infinitely better than payment by the hour. Only those who have endured it know the awful monotony of repetitive work: making the same article, performing the same operations, hour after hour. If the weekly pay is assured, regardless of output, the time hangs heavily, and the workman slackens. When remuneration is for results, an added interest is given to the work, and monotony is counteracted. Moreover, since the work has to be done more quickly, the worker needs to exercise his initiative and individuality in order to find out the most expeditious methods. If only for this reason, payment by results would be a boon. It also ensures accuracy because, as has already been stated, bonus is not paid for bad work. The time worker is apt to adopt a "don't-care-I-shall-be-paid-just-the-same" attitude, whilst the man who is paid according to the amount of work he does assumes a desire to expedite the work efficiently.

It may appear paradoxical—the workers were ever a mass of contradictions, part of their charm probably—but it is nevertheless true that most workers share that view. There are, of course, many "die-hards" who refuse either piecework or bonus in any circumstances. One acquaintance of mine had such an intense and unreasonable hatred of any such system that, when he received

ten pounds bonus at the completion of a big job, he wanted to return it to the management because he did not "believe" in any payment by result system. When the management refused to take the money back, he gave the whole amount to a charitable institution! Such instances are, indeed, rare, but many workmen have thrown themselves out of employment rather than work on payment by results.

The reasons advanced by trade unionists against payment by results may be enumerated as follows:

1. It causes friction amongst the workers and incites cupidity.
2. A regular income is preferable to an uncertain one.
3. It increases output and displaces labour.
4. The employers cut rates when the workers make bonus.
5. Workers have to work harder.

Again the writer has to draw upon his experience. There is quite as much friction, if not more, in those shops where the employees are paid by the hour, and one has yet to learn that a man's desire to increase his earnings is a sign of cupidity. Item two is more complex, and arises out of the conservative standpoint of many British workers. This type of man has no ambition. All he requires is a regular wage, no need to exercise his individuality, no worry of any sort; he just wants to jog along in the same old way that his forefathers did before him. New ideas and more expeditious methods are anathema to this antiquated brand of wage earner. They would much rather stick to a regular position of £3 a week than accept a possible £5 job for the same period, even though the £3 minimum was guaranteed. Fortunately, industry does not depend upon such men. Mr. Sidney Webb fully and ably answers point three in the letter quoted above.

Given proper shop organization, there are adequate safeguards against rate-cutting. Employers agree not to cut times or prices unless the operation is changed or the pattern altered. True, unscrupulous employers have been known to violate the agreement, but in well-conducted, reputable establishments rate-cutting is practically unknown. Many years ago I handled a big job,

boring triple expansion cylinders, a job which had not been issued for some years. Upon being informed by a fellow-worker that I was entitled to another five hours for boring the port holes, I at once asked the rate-fixer, who promised to look into the matter. After about two days' search he came across the earlier bonus card, found I was, indeed, entitled to the five hours, and altered my card accordingly.

At times workers certainly have to work harder. Without divulging any secrets, the writer may say that he has more often than not found it unnecessary to work as hard under a payment by results system as when working by the hour. Indeed, in one factory he was generally a day or so in hand. It is usually a question of methods. Many a man works very hard with poor results; others take it easy and produce more.

It should be here said that time limits are invariably fixed to allow the operator to earn 30 per cent. above the standard rate, and, generally speaking, this is possible. Should he, after a fair trial, find it impossible to earn bonus on a given job, he can always take the matter up with the management, and, if it can be shown that the scheduled time is "tight," more is given.

On the whole, there are many advantages to the workers in payment by results, and in view of the universal adoption of premium bonus the unions would be well advised to drop all opposition and, where necessary, tighten up safeguards which, in some instances, are necessary. On the other hand, the employers should get some uniformity into the application of the system. Since much of the workpeople's antagonism rests upon ignorance of details, let the employers, or the unions—it matters not which—issue a leaflet explaining how the system operates.

Now that the coal dispute is settled, there is every indication of a boom in engineering. If both workers and employers are to reap the fullest possible benefit therefrom, a universal and uniform—if not immutable—system of wages is imperative, and if this article helps to clear the atmosphere in regard to the premium bonus, or any other method of payment by results, no one will be more pleased than the writer.

Imperial Migration—II

From an Australian Point of View

By F. A. W. Gisborne

THE value to a new country of boys and girls as migrants has often been pointed out, and well-deserved commendation has been bestowed on the admirable work performed by the managers of Dr. Barnardo's Homes and other similar institutions in assisting juvenile migration. From a practical point of view it is only fair that the country which is to receive the benefit of the service of an adult worker should previously have contributed to his support and training during youth. And obviously the young migrant adapts himself to his new surroundings more readily than persons of mature years, whose habits have become fixed. The ideal system of juvenile migration would include receiving homes for neglected children and orphans, in all the large centres of population in Great Britain, and training establishments of equal capacity in the Dominions, to which, after a brief period of detention at home for educational purposes, contingents of boys and girls from twelve to fifteen years of age would be periodically transferred. To carry out such a scheme the active co-operation of the Governments of Great Britain and the Dominions would be needed, for the task would be far too heavy for private philanthropy.

The fact that, notwithstanding the prevalence of unemployment in Great Britain since the war, there has been a marked decline in the number of migrants who have left the country during the last few years seems rather difficult to account for, unless, indeed, the explanation lies in the introduction of the demoralizing dole system. During the six years 1908–1913 inclusive, according to official statistics, the average yearly migration from Great Britain was about 400,000. From the beginning of 1919 to the end of 1924 the average was only

200,000, although some 1,200,000 persons were unemployed throughout the period. As Captain Brass, a member of the House of Commons, has pointed out, if the pre-war rate of migration had been maintained after the war there would have been, in the course of six years, a reduction in the population almost exactly equivalent to the average yearly number of persons unemployed. That while 469,000 persons left Great Britain in 1913, only 155,000 migrated in 1924, although the public distress in the last-mentioned year was far greater, seems to suggest imperfect statesmanship. Surely it were better to help persons without occupation to go to other countries, where abundance of work is awaiting them, than to pay them to do nothing, and acquire habits of idleness! Happily, the present British Government has adopted a more enlightened policy than that of its immediate predecessors. Under the latest agreement with the Commonwealth loans up to £34,000,000 will be made to the Australian State Governments* on exceptionally favourable terms, the sums lent to be expended on the developmental works required to provide homes for 450,000 British migrants in the course of the next ten years. Each State receiving a loan will be required to pledge itself to find homes for a number of migrants proportionate to the amount borrowed. Compared with previous schemes of the kind, this one is decidedly economical, since the average cost of settling each migrant is limited to the moderate sum of £75.

Certain considerations of a general kind, which intimately affect the migration question, deserve a greater degree of recognition than they have yet received at the hands of Australian legislators. Broadly speaking, there are two methods by which people can be brought into a country in need of increased population, one direct and the other indirect. The first is that of offering artificial inducements in the form of free passages, grants of land, loans on favourable terms, and other similar advantages to tempt possible migrants. The second is that of making conditions in the comparatively empty country

* So far, all the State Governments, except that of Tasmania, have signed agreements with the Federal Governments accepting the terms offered.

so favourable that people living elsewhere will naturally be attracted to it, and need no costly State encouragement to induce them to make their homes in it. There is no doubt as to which of the two is to be preferred, for many reasons besides those of economy. A policy of artificial temptation must always have the undesirable effect of attracting to a country a certain number of the reckless, the incompetent, or the improvident. The voluntary independent migrant usually possesses superior qualities and is more highly endowed with energy and the spirit of enterprise. The most essential of the conditions which attract people to a new country are, of course, natural. No one wishes to take up his abode in a land which suffers from the extremes of heat or cold, aridity or moisture; or which is deficient in fertile soil, minerals, or some other kind of undeveloped wealth. Granting freedom from the physical disabilities first mentioned, and a reasonable share of Nature's gifts, a new country must still satisfy some other requirements before any intending migrant, endowed with prudence, will choose it for his future home. At the outset, he will naturally prefer a country whose inhabitants belong to his own race and speak his own language, and where freedom and security of life and property prevail. All these conditions, from the point of view of the British citizen, Australia amply fulfils. But there are others of secondary, but by no means negligible, importance which invite attention also. Low costs of living, fair and moderate taxation, cheap facilities of communication, ready access to markets, and political and industrial stability may be included among these. No matter what its natural advantages may be, a country where both taxation and costs of living are unnecessarily high, where, through the culpable remissness of the Government, industrial turbulence is chronic, and where, owing to vicious legislation prompted by motives of political expediency, certain classes and interests receive unjustly preferential treatment, must be unattractive to many desirable migrants. (Fair play in the legislative, industrial and economic spheres they regard as the elementary right of every citizen of a civilized State.)

Unfortunately, ever since the political leaders of the

trade unions acquired a predominating influence in several of the Australian Parliaments, class legislation has been rampant. Deferential politicians have too often sacrificed the interests of the real workers of Australia in order to buy the support of the arrogant and rapacious juntas controlling the great industrial organizations centred in the capital cities. Far more attention has been paid to maintaining a high standard of living than to encouraging a high standard of work; and while legislators have been most solicitous to ensure comfortable, and even luxurious, conditions to the men engaged in handling the farmer's products, they have bestowed very little consideration on the well-being of the farmer himself. Votes have been considered rather than rights; and while each member of a grasping trade union has been legally awarded a most liberal "living wage," the claim of the independent worker, the chief creator of wealth, to a living income has been consistently disregarded. It is undeniable that the system of class favouritism which has been brought into existence in Australia by various enactments within the last quarter of a century, owing mainly to the malign political activities of the trade unions, has done a very great deal to check immigration. The cumulative effects of these enactments have been to raise enormously the costs of living, lower the general level of efficiency among the wage-earners, increase industrial unrest and insecurity, and discourage the investment of capital.

Four examples of the kind of legislation referred to may be given. The measure which prohibited, except in special cases, the importation of immigrants from Great Britain as well as other countries under contract to work for Australian employers, so as to preserve a monopoly of employment for the local labour organizations, was a masterpiece of short-sighted selfishness. It has greatly retarded the economic development of Australia by keeping out of the country migrants of that most desirable class whose members are prudent enough to make sure of obtaining employment in a new country before going there. The industrial laws by which, in certain privileged business, wages and conditions of work are arbitrarily fixed through the agency of various

tribunals, have both hampered the development of industries and produced the most demoralizing effects on the workers themselves. Production has declined and industrial unrest increased through the operation of a system whose administrators have invariably subordinated all economic considerations to humanitarian sentiment. Necessarily the will to work becomes weakened when rates of wages are fixed without any regard to the efficiency or industry of the individual worker. The inferior man has no incentive to improve his efficiency, while the ambition of the superior worker is, in a great measure, checked by the knowledge that his employer, being legally compelled to pay many of his employees wages in excess of the real value of their services, is precluded from rewarding those whose services are of much greater value to him as highly as they deserve. The levelling and at the same time lowering effect of the "living wage," with its ridiculous assumption that each worker has a wife and three children to maintain, has been most detrimental to industrial efficiency and the maintenance of good relations between employers and employees. Moreover, compulsory wage-fixing has produced other legislative evils of a far-reaching nature. A very high tariff has been rendered necessary to protect Australian manufacturers against the devastating awards of the Arbitration Court; and to save the ship-owning companies from the bankruptcy which they would be faced with were they compelled to compete with British and foreign ship-owners while obliged to pay their crews far higher wages, certain provisions were introduced into the Navigation Act reserving the coastal maritime trade of Australia exclusively for Australian vessels. These freaks of legislation have created harmful monopolies, and have particularly penalized all classes of primary producers. The farmer, mine-owner and pastoralist have to pay enhanced prices for all their requirements in the way of machinery and implements, clothing, building material, etc., as well as greatly increased charges for land and sea transport, solely to benefit the classes engaged in the favoured secondary industries, and the workers who perform services connected with the distribution and sale of commodities. The bush

settler, striving to make a bare living off his holding, and enduring much hardship often for but scanty reward, has reason to envy the seaman, wharf labourer, and the shop assistant who are guaranteed by judicial awards the enjoyment of handsome incomes in return for far less arduous work. That the evil of urbanization has attained unwholesome proportions in Australia during recent years is largely to be ascribed to the joint operation of the tariff and the wage-fixing laws.

Wages, prices of necessaries, and transport charges, all being forced up to an uneconomic level by a series of harassing enactments, cumulatively inflict almost intolerable disabilities on the rural producers of Australia, and thus hinder the development of the country. While the pampered seaman and wharf labourer receive by virtue of judicial awards salaries which exceed those earned by large numbers of members of the learned professions in Europe, the coastal settler, besides being exposed to the ordinary vicissitudes of seasons and markets, is compelled to submit to legalized brigandage, and pay a crushing tribute in the form of inflated shipping expenses to the maritime trade unions and other unjustly privileged bodies.

There is strong justification for the statement that the best immigration policy the Federal Government could adopt in the immediate future would be a purely negative one. In other words the abolition of present legislative discouragements would do more to attract settlers than the offer of the most liberal material benefits. The barriers created by the tariff and the arbitration and navigation laws which now obstruct human enterprise need only to be thrown down, and the paralysing hands of the politician, the labour agitator and the lawyer removed from industry, and capital will avail itself of the boundless opportunities which still lie latent in Australia. Capital will bring migrants, and thus the two great needs of the Commonwealth will be satisfied.

Happily there are cheering signs of coming improvement. The growing strength of the Country party in the Federal Parliament is one of the most hopeful. With the progress of rural settlement the political ascendency of the selfish and predatory interests established in the

great Australian cities will gradually be destroyed, and the conservative influences of the country will gain mastery over those destructive forces which always flourish in the fœtid atmosphere of crowded centres of population. When that time arrives, the period of industrial delirium Australia is now passing through will come to an end. Like the Agrarian party in Canada, the Country party in Australia strongly supports moderate tariff reform with increased preference to Great Britain. It favours also the abolition of the pernicious monopolies created by legislation of the kind before referred to, the establishment of an efficient system of defence, a rational immigration policy, economy in administration, and the stern repression of internal disorder and sedition. In short, it aims at the emancipation of trade and industry from the legal fetters which now deprive them of the power of free movement, the restoration of political and industrial stability, and the enjoyment by all classes and persons of complete equality of opportunity. The attainment of these desirable objects will not only increase enormously the material wealth and prosperity of Australia, but by hastening the solution of the vital problem of migration, immensely strengthen its defences against all possible attacks.

Charles Péguy

By Francis Gribble

THEY say that a newcomer at the Ecole Normale lately asked his seniors, in all innocence: "Who was Péguy?" Yet when Péguy fell in a skirmish on the eve of the battle of the Marne, the papers were full of him. A great light, it was said, had gone out; a great prophetic voice had been silenced; a great regenerating force had been arrested.

What manner of man was he—this poet and journalist whose friends then paid such glowing tributes to his memory, and whom the Ecole Normale was then so proud to call her son? Now that the hour of unqualified and uncritical eulogy has passed, we are given the answer to that question in a delightful monograph written by the brothers Jérome and Jean Tharaud.

They had been his contemporaries at the School. They had remained intimate with him throughout his life; but their own interests and paths in life had diverged so widely from his that they are able to take a more detached view of him than the panegyrists. They loved him; they sympathized with him; but they were not numbered among his disciples. Their sympathy is consequently tempered with a kindly and indulgent irony. They have a keen sense of humour, whereas Péguy had none; and they see him, not merely as a man who, in season and out of season, must always be preaching a gospel, but also as a preacher who often cut rather a grotesque figure in the pulpit.

Péguy, in truth, was a queer mixture of the dreamer and the man of action. His inability to realize the world about him was equalled only by his resolute determination to set it to rights: a clash of characteristics illustrated, at the very beginning of his active life, by his championship of the purely imaginary wrongs of an old schoolfellow who had died in barracks during his year of military service.

Without a particle of evidence to back him, Péguy imagined a barrack drama, and assigned himself a rôle in it. Marcel Baudouin, he assumed, must have been done to death by the brutalities of his sergeant, and he

vowed that he would avenge him. So he set out for Dreux, provided with swords and pistols and a second, announcing his intention of provoking the brutal sergeant to a duel. But when he arrived at Dreux, and saw the captain of his friend's company, he learnt that Marcel Baudouin had lived on the best of terms with all his officers and that the sergeant deplored his death as much as anyone.

The incident may certainly be said to mark him as a Don Quixote in a hurry. Perhaps it may also be admitted as a proof that he was not a man exactly cut out for that scholastic career for which the Ecole Normale was supposed to be preparing him. Already, indeed, he was cherishing ambitions not to be satisfied in that narrow calling. He was trying to collect, sou by sou, by canvassing his friends, a fund sufficient to finance a newspaper which would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and he was also professing himself a Socialist, though his Socialism was obviously inspired by Saint Francis of Assisi rather than Karl Marx. Moreover, he was engaged in writing a very long poem about Jeanne d'Arc of which, when he published it at his own expense, the public bought one copy.

Decidedly the class-room would not have been a kingdom large enough for him; so there was nothing for anyone to be surprised at when he announced, one day, that he proposed to leave the Ecole Normale, and marry his friend Marcel Baudouin's sister.

She and her mother were Socialists, like himself, and were also anti-clerical; and she had money—not a great deal of money, but enough to make a difference. So the whole of her dowry—about £1,600—was devoted to the purchase of a shop and its equipment as a centre of propagandism in the interest of Socialism, anti-clericalism, and the securing of the re-hearing of the Dreyfus case.

It became a centre of propagandism in more senses than one. Péguy was no pacifist. Most of his Normalien friends were Dreyfusards, and were spoiling for a fight. What more natural than that they should crowd into his shop to see how he was getting on, making it at once their headquarters, their fortress, and their arsenal?

At all events, they did so, frightening *bona fide* customers away, while they sallied forth to demonstrate, armed with cudgels which they kept in his umbrella stand, and returned to celebrate their victory by sending out for beer.

Those were glorious days. Péguy never regretted them, in spite of the fact that his shop windows were broken by a band of rioters whose opinions were different from his, and that he himself was arrested on the day of the Zola trial and endured a violent *passage-à-tabac* at the police station. But the business, in so far as there ever was any business, suffered. The cashier, one day, bolted with the petty cash. The shop was taken over by a limited company—one of its five directors being M. Léon Blum—and then, after a brief interval, Péguy and the directors quarrelled, and Péguy found himself on the street, and under the necessity of beginning life afresh.

He began it afresh, financed, apparently by his mother-in-law, by launching that fortnightly publication—"Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine"—with which his name was to be continuously and inseparably associated until the war.

It was published, at first, in modest and inexpensive style, from the furnished rooms occupied by two friends of his student days. Presently, the unsold copies having accumulated in such masses as only just to leave room for the bath, he moved into a small office in the Latin Quarter; and he had the luck, at last, to find a business manager who kept things in good order. Thenceforward the editing of the "Cahiers" was his sole life's work; and he edited them in the spirit of a missionary whose opinions changed from time to time, but who was always in deadly earnest about them, whatever they might be.

The periodical depended, not on casual sales, but on subscriptions; and Péguy's relations with his subscribers were intimate and personal. They were to him what "regular communicants" are to a priest, or what "church members" are to a Nonconformist Minister. There was unction in his enunciation of the word "*abonné*." He regarded himself almost as the founder of an Order to which it was the privilege of the *abonnés* to be admitted; and he valued their support the more because they were mostly poor men whose willingness to pay twenty francs

a year for his review of the fortnight was a genuine test of sincerity.

They liked to meet him, and he liked to meet them; but he had, by this time, learnt some wisdom from experience. Subscribers were not allowed, as the Normaliens had been, to drop in at any time, to see how the editor was getting on. Special afternoons were set apart for their reception; and as there was only one chair in the office, the only visitor who found it convenient to stay very long was the one who arrived early enough to annex it for his use. The others merely blew in and blew out again, after thanking the editor for expressing their own ideas in such noble language, or stormily renouncing their allegiance because he had ceased to agree with them.

His views were peculiar; consequently his following was small. He was, at that stage, a Christian Socialist who did not believe in Christianity, yet was at loggerheads with most of the other Socialists because he preferred Christ to Karl Marx. His line diverged from theirs as soon as the Dreyfus case was over, and he discovered that, whereas, for him, Socialism was a religion, for them it was merely party politics, and a ladder by which to climb to political influence and importance. He fell out even with Jaurès for that reason.

At one time he had had great hopes of Jaurès. He believed that "L'Humanité," which Jaurès was then projecting, would, indeed, be the ideal newspaper of his dreams, irrevocably committed to the telling of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He discovered that it was merely to be the organ of M. Combes's very spiteful anti-clericalism; and the climax came when he proposed that he and a number of unworldly friends of his should join the staff. He had expected that his offer would be accepted with enthusiasm. It was a painful shock to him when Jaurès replied: "My dear sir, I have more contributors than I know what to do with. What I'm looking for is somebody to put up some more money." The two men never spoke again after the administration of that rebuff, though the last number of "Les Cahiers" was in Jaurès's pocket when he was murdered in the café.

Péguy, in those days, regarded himself as an atheist,

as well as a Socialist; but just as his Socialism was little more than unworldliness masquerading as a system of political economy, so his atheism was little more than a constitutional repugnance to mechanical theology. An atheist of that sort rarely remains an atheist very long; and it seems, in retrospect (though it did not seem so to all the subscribers at the time), that he was an atheist predestined to conversion if ever the right influences were brought to bear on him. The influences which, in fact, proved effective were those of M. Bergson, at whose mystical lectures on metaphysics he was a regular attendant, and a friend of his youth who became a Benedictine monk and prayed for him in the monastery at Appledurcombe, in the Isle of Wight.

Thus, as the outcome of a singular process of evolution, Péguy found himself in the strange position of a Catholic preaching to a faithful congregation of atheists who only by degrees realized the change which had come over him.

One of his reasons for not telling them was that they would not have liked it. He valued his influence over them, and did not like to hurt their feelings by a too sudden confession of faith. He wanted to continue to guide them, not to disperse them and leave them as sheep without a shepherd. That was one reason why he was able to reconcile it with his conscience to live a double life; but there were other reasons also. The conversion had been incomplete; and one might almost go so far as to say that it had been incomplete because it had been sincere.

Those men of letters who were being converted at that date were " in the movement." They were " going over " in platoons, if not in battalions. The word had been passed round that it was " good form " to be *bien pensant*. Conversion, therefore, was, as a rule, merely a manifestation of snobbishness—a change of habit, which did not entail a change of heart.

Péguy's conversion was not in the least like that. It was a change of heart which did not seem to him necessarily to entail any ostentatious change of habit. It was far more a conversion to religion in general than to Catholicism in particular. It took the form of a conversion to Catholicism because Catholicism was, so

to say, the religious *plat du jour* in France, and was also the only form of religion known to Jeanne d'Arc. Péguy had begun by "finding" Jeanne d'Arc. He had afterwards, in evangelical phraseology, "found Christ." But he had not found the Pope, in spite of his nominal adherence to the Church of which the Pope was the head.

He not only was willing to pray; he enjoyed praying. Prayer became almost a function with him. He prayed without ceasing, in public as well as in private. He provided himself with a rosary and took to telling his beads on the knife-board of the omnibus on his way to business. But that was as far as he could bring himself to go. Nothing would induce him to confess his sins, ask a priest for absolution, and receive the sacrament. Nothing would induce him even to go inside a church; and he pooh-poohed every suggestion that he should have his children baptized, or go through a religious ceremony of marriage with his unconverted wife.

His reluctance to conform in that particular respect may have been stimulated by the fact that he was just then passionately in love with another woman; but that love can hardly be said to have led to a love affair. Péguy resisted temptation, and persuaded the temptress to marry another man. It does not seem to have occurred to him that it was hardly fair to the other man to provide him with a wife whose affections were already engaged elsewhere. His simple piety forbade him to harbour such a thought. He recommended the creation of a *foyer* as a panacea for troubles of the heart. One can only hope that it operated satisfactorily.

One formal Catholic rite only made an effective appeal to him. Once, when one of his children was very ill, and in danger of death, he went on a pilgrimage to Chartres. He walked all the way there—a distance of fifty miles—stopping at all the cross-roads to say an Ave Maria, and, on his arrival, asked no specific grace, but merely intimated, in some formal way, that he wished the Blessed Virgin to take his parental responsibilities off his hands, the child being now dedicated to her. The child recovered, and its free-thinking mother caused it to be baptized, without even consulting her husband, not as an act of piety, but as a concession to the logic of events.

Péguy himself neither supported her decision nor opposed it. He was satisfied, so to say, to leave his wife and the Blessed Virgin to settle the matter between them. The essence of religion, for him, was still neither ritual nor conformity, but faith; and faith meant for him a state of mind, not submission to ecclesiastical authority or acceptance of unproved dogmas. Jeanne d'Arc herself, he pointed out, had been a revolting daughter of the Church, and had driven the ecclesiastics along a road which they would never spontaneously have followed; and it was through Jeanne d'Arc that he had been brought back, if not into the fold, at least towards it.

It followed that, being a man whose practice it was to say what he thought in language which could not be misunderstood, he made enemies both within the fold and without it. Many of the subscribers to the "Cahiers," who were mainly Jews, Protestants, and Atheists, denounced him as a traitor to their cause, and indignantly refused to continue their subscriptions. Ernest Lavisse spoke of him scornfully as "a beadle who puts vitriol in the holy water." The Church, on its part, regarded him as a dangerous and disobedient son. Rome heard of his doings and disapproved of them. Priests were instructed to warn their congregations against him. In the summer months, on the eve of the outbreak of the war, open conflict between him and the Church seemed imminent. M. Bergson's works had just been placed on the Index. Péguy had ridiculed the Index. It was only the war and his death in battle which left him with the last word in the controversy.

He was one of the few Frenchmen who had foreseen the war. He had looked forward to it as an "inevitable" war from the day when the Kaiser began his melodramatic demonstrations in Morocco. Simultaneously with his gospel of Neo-Catholicism, he had preached the necessity of "preparedness" and "watchful waiting," doubling, as it were, the rôles of Lamennais and Mr. Leo Maxse. He had denounced Jaurès for proposing to disarm France. He had done what a man in his position could to prepare the soul of France for the ordeal.

By doing that, he had made new friends in the very act of losing the old ones, and become a moral force.

Catholic patriots, stirred by his call to patriotism, did not feel called upon to take the exact measure of his orthodoxy. Irreligious patriots forgave him his orthodoxy for the same reason. His literary merits were recognized. Maurice Barrès pressed his claim for a literary prize. His work—and the acceptance of it to which his countrymen were coming—was one of the things which paved the way for the " sacred union."

Then, on the morrow of his violent attack on that Index, on which, if he had lived, his own writings would surely have been placed, the storm cloud burst, and the " sacred union " was proclaimed. Mystics and Formalists were, for the time, at one; Catholics who thought for themselves forgot their quarrel with Catholics who let the Pope do their thinking for them, and welcomed the alliance of Jews, Protestants, and Atheists.

As a matter of course, " Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine " ceased to appear. The " ancestral voices prophesying war " had done their work. Those who had prophesied war had now to wage it; and Péguy set out to wage it, if not with a light heart, at least with a confident spirit. He believed, and said, before Mr. Wells, that he was engaged in a " war to end war " and inaugurate an age of universal brotherhood. He did not live to be undeceived.

Before reporting himself for service, he said good-bye, at Mme. Favre's house, to the lady whom he had loved, and whom he had persuaded to marry another man and create a *foyer* in order to forget him. Though she was a Jewess, he made her promise that, if he fell, she would say a Christian prayer and go on a pilgrimage to Chartres.

From other women—for he was a man whom women loved—he exacted the same pledge; and thus was formed, after a German bullet had pierced his brain in his first serious fight, an Order of Pilgrims of Notre-Dame-de-Chartres, composed of one Catholic, one Protestant, one Free-thinker, and one lady of mixed Jewish and Christian birth.

Since no differences of creed had ever dammed the flow of his own affections, no tribute to his memory, one feels sure, could have responded more completely to his heart's desire.

The Philosophy of Engineering

By J. Edwin Holmstrom

In the charter which, in 1828, George IV granted to the Institution of Civil Engineers, which had been founded ten years earlier by Thomas Telford, F.R.S., and has since become the father of others in every civilized nation, the profession of a civil engineer is defined as "being the art of directing the great sources of power in Nature for the use and convenience of man."

With three amendments, two unimportant and one vital, this definition is excellent. The word "great" might have been omitted, and modern nomenclature would tend to apply so general a description rather to "engineer" than to "civil engineer." This latter term has come to mean (broadly speaking) one who deals with work done in the open air, as distinguished from mechanical, electrical, and so forth, although the Institution itself still somewhat arbitrarily maintains that "civil engineer" (now, when qualified, entitled to be described as "chartered civil engineer") includes every kind except military. And the word "economically" ought most certainly to be inserted before the word "directing" in the definition.

Almost any intelligent person possessed of authority and common sense would be able, with slight technical help, to plan and administer the earthwork of a new railway, the bridging of a stream, or the fitting up of machinery, and any body of suitably trained artisans and workmen could give effect to his orders. But what distinguishes an engineer from such a person is the ability to put that railway in exactly the best place, to impose upon its location and construction exactly such conditions of gradient and curvature, and in just such a manner to reconcile the conflicting ideals of a straight, level line (cheap to operate), and of a line fitting on to the natural surface of the ground without cutting or embankment (cheap to construct), as will make the total

of operating cost and of interest on capital expenditure a minimum. Similarly, the designer of a bridge, if competent, will so design it that, the function of and demands made upon each member in it being perfectly understood, that member has dimensions, strength, and material composition neither insufficient and unsafe nor excessive and wasteful. The engineer who executes the work must aim at realizing a like degree of analytic precision in his organization and control of the labour and stores. Mechanical design is equally illustrative of this principle; the beautiful mathematical analysis on which it is based enables the designer to trace and account for each fraction of the energy the machine is required to transmit or transform, to hunt down and mitigate avoidable sources of loss, and to evaluate what part is unavoidably lost.

Engineering divorced from economics is no longer engineering. Engineering *is* economics, or, rather, it is the application of economics to the use of physical forces.

Economy means the right use of wealth. It is, therefore, the opposite of parsimony, and not the same thing as commercialism. Many forms of wealth, but not all, being most conveniently measured in terms of some monetary unit, there are phases of engineering activity which merge gradually into ordinary commercial operations; for instance, manufacturing, electricity supply, and, generally speaking, the operation of machinery and public services of various kinds. There are other functions of the engineer in which money is not the unit most conveniently used for measuring economy, although conversion from the unit which is used into a monetary value may still be possible. Thus the designer of engines is concerned with the proper use of wealth as measured by him, thermodynamically; the electrician adopts a neatly inter-related system of electrical units; the structural expert applies his mathematical knowledge to attain a perfectly calculated economy in the dimensions of material used to resist stresses rationally determined. And there are circumstances in which any engineer may be justified in preferring to calculation his own judgment and sense of proportion—cases in which, although economy might be expressed in terms of money, in point

of fact it is not so expressed, but is assessed subconsciously. It is, indeed, his business to know exactly what are the functions and what are the limitations of mathematics as applied to engineering.

Finally—and this is not always sufficiently realized by priggish persons disinclined to credit others, of more scientific habits of thought, with being no less civilized than themselves—there are moral values in engineering. There are aspects of all great engineering which defy expression in terms of money, or in terms of any physical unit, though economy, nevertheless, remains in them the essence and the object. Great engineering, like great architecture, great literature, great art, or great music, may be one of the constituent qualities of a great nation or a great civilization. Like these other things, it cannot be appreciated without training and study. Even the genius of Ruskin was marred by a bitter narrowness which denied beauty in engineering while recognizing it fully in architecture.

Anyone can build. He who can build æsthetically is an architect. He who can build economically is an engineer. This, rather than the specific nature of their work, is the real distinction between the two professions. In ordinary construction economy and æsthetics are complementary and must be balanced in accordance with its purpose. In the highest expression of each they coincide; perfect economy is perfect beauty, for beauty in any man-made thing results from perfect adaptation to purpose. The Forth Bridge is beautiful because a feat of such glorious physical difficulty could only be accomplished through almost perfect economy realized in masterly mathematical analysis, profound knowledge of the strength and properties of materials, and superlative power of organization—matters incomprehensible to him who imagines that the size of a structure can be multiplied indefinitely merely by multiplying the dimensions of its component members.

On the other hand, the Charing Cross railway bridge is ugly because, since its design and construction presented no exceptional difficulty, its merely physical purpose could, therefore, be secured without the exercise of more than ordinary engineering skill, and under these

circumstances its æsthetic purpose—which is the business of the architect—ought to have counted for more in proportion to the complementary physical or economic purpose—which is the business of the engineer—but was, in fact, allowed too little weight.

Physically easy building, such as an ordinary house, can only be made beautiful through architecture; physically difficult building, such as a great bridge or a ship, is beautiful through its intrinsic economy, and may be debased by redundant ornamentation. This is happily now becoming better recognized, and the hideous structures common fifty years ago would be less readily tolerated by engineers of the present day. The beauty of a visible structure needs comparatively little knowledge to appreciate. There is beauty of a more subtle kind, hidden from the untrained eye, in an inspired piece of railway location, economically perfect, in which the penalty imposed by gravity upon every element of grade and curve has been minutely weighed at each point against the price of a ruthless, costly straightness, a line instinct with the personality of its conceiver written harmoniously over the countryside.

There is surely beauty also in the smooth, graceful motion of a great engine, beauty apparent in proportion as the engine is efficient, or, in other words, in proportion as its designer has penetrated Nature's secrets, and known how to build in harmony with Nature's laws—for mathematics, physics, and thermodynamics are as much studies of Nature as is biology.

Much is alleged regarding the evils of our mechanicalized and materialistic civilization, such as the degradation it imposes upon men by employing them like soulless machines in thoughtless repetition work. Some thinkers cast longing eyes on the manual craftsmanship of former times. They contend that men can, and do, become the slaves of machines, and that this is bad. Samuel Butler's remarkably clever book, "Erewhon," is, perhaps, the best-known presentation of this view. Those who urge it tend to assume as self-evident that this defect of our industrialism is born of the mere existence of machinery; they assume that machinery is the enemy of art and workmanship, and that, therefore—if we

admit that work is satisfying and ennobling to the worker in proportion as it is capable of expressing his personality —machinery is evil, at best a necessary evil.

The contention is based upon a half-truth. A man *may* become a machine because someone cleverer than he, but not quite clever enough, has devised a machine which calls for the use of that man as one of its component parts, as is the wretched operative who stands all day feeding steel bar into an automatic screwing-machine, or stamping the maker's trade-mark on the soles of boots. There is, perhaps, no sadder sight than this except it be an intelligent youth, capable of better things (as the machine tender possibly is not), eternally addressing envelopes or adding up figures in a bank.

But, alternatively (it should be recognized), a man may become a machine because existence demands that certain work be done and no inanimate machinery exists to do it. Abundant illustrations of this occur in any (inland) city or village in China. The Chinese present us with the highly interesting and sociologically invaluable spectacle—if we would only study it—of a civilization older than and radically different from our own, which still lives.

It is in many respects inferior to ours, and in some it is superior—for instance, it is less productive of violent death, merely permitting a few thousands to be killed off every year by internal banditti instead of a few millions every century or so by civilized warfare as we seem to prefer. Returning from this digression to the present point, nobody, however, has yet described the Chinese as mechanical industrialists, yet nobody can dispute the soulless mechanical character of most coolie labour or native hand industries, or that sweating in China is worse than in Europe. This shows that the existence of inanimate machinery, as with us, is not the only cause producing machine-like men. They may also be produced because it does not exist. The engineer, who made machines and industrialism possible by applying economics to the use of physical forces, is not to be blamed for the existence of sweated labour. He is, on the contrary, to be credited with much that has been done to avoid it.

The real truth of the matter is that *imperfect* machinery makes men slaves, while maturely developed machinery makes them lords over Nature.

The skilled craftsmanship involved in manufacture by hand, as practised in Europe a hundred years ago, was good. The degradation of a man to be the soulless, unthinking servant of a *semi*-automatic machine, as practised now, is evil. The development of the machine until, in the ideal limit, it is completely automatic and self-tending, is possible, and is best of all.

For, in the first case—production by hand—wealth destined for the ultimate benefit of society as a whole (its distribution is another question) is created too slowly for the needs of a populous society, and the craftsman, although he enjoys some measure of opportunity to express his personality in his work, enjoys this in less degree than does the man engaged in designing the perfect machine assumed in the third case, for there is greater knowledge and greater satisfaction involved in creating a powerful tool than in using a simple one.

In the second case, semi-automatic machinery produces material wealth rapidly, but discounts this by stunting the growth of moral wealth in the persons of its unskilled attendants.

In the third case—fully-automatic machinery—these men are eliminated and freed for occupations more worthy of their humanity (no man is fitly employed in performing merely manual labour, or repetition work, such as could possibly be done by machine, but only in work requiring mind, or mind co-ordinated with muscle), and the creation of wealth is favoured without reservation.

In any civilization the soil out of which grows the flower of literature, of art, and all those things which, as the leader of the Everest expedition said, are of no use, but are worth doing, is the existence of a leisured class—not an idle class, but one freed from the constraint of uncongenial routine. Hitherto no known civilization has discovered how to nurture such a class without also a complementary slave class or its equivalent. Can this be done? If we are all to dine at the Ritz, who shall wash the plates?

It is the lofty function of the engineer to answer this.

The Doomington Wanderer

By Louis Golding

Begley Hill, in the dark city of Doomington, was where he lived. He was the sort of obscure little Jew you saw but did not look at. He might speak but you did not listen to him. Why should you?

He lived with his mother in Jilk Street, which is one of the meaner avenues in that unradiant neighbourhood. His mother was not notable, except for the excellence of her cooking. But her competitors in Jilk Street were nearly all as able. Perhaps there was a certain ultimate savour about her *varennikas* which Mrs. Levinsky could not compass, and her *blintsies* were so fragile and airy that her own tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy (who occupied the parlour and the front bedroom), condescended to share them with her.

His first name was Hyman. There was no reason why it should not be. The family name was Lipshin. He did not resent it. If some entirely grotesque destiny had named him Porphyrogenitos Ebenezer Andritsæna he would have taken no steps in the matter. He had been educated at the Ealing Street School, not far away, where he had achieved no formidable distinction. His history was bad, his drawing was scarcely better, in geography he was top of the class. He knew where jute comes from, and whether Cotopaxi is a mountain or an isthmus, and where it is. The whereabouts of Cedar Falls in Ohio did not deceive him, but he lost ground, as I have suggested, in the Wars of the Roses.

He was not elected, therefore, to any scholarship at a secondary school, which might have enabled him to continue his researches into the products of Sfax and the situation of Filicudi. He became an invoice clerk in Messrs. Cohen and Montague's hat and cap works, where he remained for the next twenty years of his uneventful existence.

Messrs. Cohen and Montague allowed him to repair

home well before his mother lit the Friday evening candles on the eve of the Sabbath, nor did they expect pagan dues from him in the matter of invoice clerking on the holy day that follows. The festivals, too, remained inviolate; for though Mr. Montague was a scion of the ancient Norman aristocracy, Mr. Cohen was aware of the sacrosanctitude of the Feast of Weeks and the Feast of Tabernacles.

Hyman Lipshin drew a dim pleasure out of the white Friday evening cloths, the serried candlesticks, the brimful wine-beaker; out of the long hours of holy invocation at the little synagogue round the corner. I said his pleasure was dim not because any other pleasures he experienced were crimson, but because he lived dimly. His mind was not in Jilk Street nor at the hat and cap works of Messrs. Cohen and Montague. Do I make that statement purely on *a posteriori* grounds? Would Hyman himself have declared any such disturbing thing? I doubt it.

Mrs. Lipshin did not occupy herself with the question. Her domestic labours achieved, she brought forth her Pentateuch, with its Yiddish version interleaved, and bent her black wig towards the dog-eared pages. A butcher's skewer held in her frail but efficient fingers pursued hour beyond hour the awful eloquence. Her voice did not cease from its single intonation, hour beyond hour, until the Friday evening candles flickered in their sockets and she made ready for bed, at length, stumping off in her loose slippers. Hyman sat snoring in the corner, under the shelf where the samovar, so reverently brought over from Russia, stood. His feeble lower jaw dropped towards his chest.

Were there dreams, then, behind that sallow brow, behind the leaden waters of his eyes? What dreams shall Hyman Lipshin dream in a Jilk Street kitchen at the heart of the dark city of Doomington?

"Come, then, *Hymele*!" his mother said, clawing at his shoulder. He followed her as obediently at the age of thirty as at the age of three.

"I come, *mutterel*, little mother!" he said.

Dreams? Dreams? What folly! No room for dreams in Doomington. What would Mr. Cohen say about

it to Mr. Montague should their third invoice clerk take to dreaming? Rather more, I should fancy, than the old grey-beards at the synagogue might have said should they have heard that young Hyman Lipshin was possessed of any such malady. For they did not take much notice of him where he sat in his praying-shawl at a corner of the bench against the women's partition. He was not meritorious in the fervour of his religious transports; nor, on the other hand, an object of suspicion for any laxity in ceremonial observance. It was true he carried his handkerchief on the Sabbath not round his waist but in his pocket. That was to be deplored. But no man had ever seen him ascend a tramcar upon the Sabbath. The bearded gentlemen greeted him courteously. They called him, honorifically, Reb Hyman.

Now what, I ask you, can have explained the mystery of the pocket atlas? Why Mr. Lipshin should find a pocket atlas an object worthy of his attention at all is mystifying, but why he should secrete it in his prayer-book on no less a day than *Rosh Hashonah*, the Feast of the New Year, is surely a problem beyond all human solution. Most regrettable, oh, most regrettable. The thing slid from his prayer-book on to the floor, open at a map of Polynesia. The beadle picked it up—not more than two yards away from the holy ark. There was a gasp of horror, a beardy whistle of dismay. Hyman Lipshin blushed all round his ears and a long way down his neck. He seized the atlas, thrust it into his pocket, and glued his eyes on to his prayer-book.

No explanation was asked for or forthcoming. It was all so incredible that quite soon everyone ceased to believe it. It was held to be a sort of autumnal hallucination. If it had happened at all, it had happened eight years ago.

Ten years ago. . . .

Twelve years ago. . . .

Then Uncle Gustave died.

Uncle Gustave was quite the supreme uncle of fiction. His name was very rarely mentioned in Jilk Street or anywhere at all in Doomington. He had lingered but briefly in that city during his pilgrimage between Russia and the Argentine. He had disappeared westwards in the

company of a Gentile maiden. There was only this much to be said regarding him, little though it was—he was not married to the Gentile maiden. He developed ranches and converted them later into cinematograph companies. It was rumoured the Gentile maiden was dead without issue. Uncle Gustave in due course died, too, and confirmed the rumour. He left a handsome fortune to his brother's son, Hyman Lipshin, of Jilk Street, in Doomington.

And then the mystery of the pocket atlas was resolved. Hyman Lipshin promptly took a ticket to Otaheite.

I wonder if it is all clear now? Surely it is. There was never a time when an infinite nostalgia for far places did not possess the sad little mind of Hyman Lipshin. Whether he checked moneys for the further glory of Messrs. Cohen and Montague, whether he stood meekly in his corner of the synagogue reciting the Nineteen Prayers, enjoying a mild prestige due rather to his mother's piety than to his own merits, whether he dozed under the samovar in the Jilk Street kitchen—his soul was over the seas and far away. He was possessed by a planetary glamour. He ascended the fir-slopes of Kirishimi or lay down under the date-laden palms of the oasis of Nefta. He penetrated the palæolithic caverns of Puente Viesgo and beat the swamps of Papua. The surf thundered against the outer reefs of the coral islands. Lulled by that organ-music, a scarlet lily behind his ear, his fingers idly paddled the pellucid waters of the lagoon.

Otaheite, mainly. Bread-fruit, yam-yams, colossal turtles, coconuts, green macaws screeching in the branches, a scarlet-tufted monkey swinging by his tail. Otaheite. . .

He was no dynamic young man. They would merely at length have transported him to the cemetery on the confines of Begley Hill (for he had paid the burial dues punctiliously from an early age), and Kilimanjaro, Sunium, Nebraska would have dissolved equally into his undistinguished dust.

But, as I have said, Uncle Gustave died. And Hyman took a ticket for Otaheite. But to go to Otaheite and to be there are not the same thing. Let me insist on making that clear. For it was not the thunder of the

surf he heard in Otaheite, nor in Ravenna the soughing of the pine-branches. It was the sirens of the factories in Doomington he heard. He did not hear the dusky maidens chanting as they twined their hair with flowers, nor the bronzed peasants hallooing behind their oxen. He heard the old men and women wailing on the Fast of the Destroyed Temple. How should little Hyman Lipshin detach from his ear-drums these ancestral voices and from his timid nostrils expel the fumes of the dark city?

Otaheite was a failure, as Ravenna was destined to be. He fared forth from the coral islands towards the creeks of the Amazon and later found himself upon the peaks of the Rockies. The voices were not stilled. And though the most superb cuisine of the expensive continent was laid before him upon such plate and flanked by such silver as Sennacherib would not have scorned, he found himself aching for the *halkies* steeped in the fat of chickens and the stuffed *varennikas* and the crisp *blintsies* of his mother, though never in Jilk Street had the prospect of them caused any especial excitement in his bosom. Gentlemen of considerable accomplishments and ladies of no mean beauty courted him. But he remembered odd half hours he had spent in the Jilk Street parlour with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, his mother's tenants, and wondered how he had not perceived what wisdom was theirs and how graceful their humour.

Thereon he found himself in the Mediterranean basin, disconsolately wandering between Stamboul and Oran, hoping to find in Sicilian Castrogiovanni or in the holy Tunisian city of Kairwan the glory he had dreamed of in the offices of Messrs. Cohen and Montague. He did not succeed, not in Nauplia, nor in Burgos. The great factories interposed themselves; he heard only the machine drumming and, closer at hand, the old men chanting in the synagogue. A curious obstinacy seized him, sapless little man that he was. He wandered wretchedly from continent to continent, from bleak northern fastness to lush tropic glade, seeking the lost glamour. Doomington was not to be dislodged. He was himself Doomington.

And then a letter reached him in some obscure corner of the world from his mother in Jilk Street. (She was

a lady of the older sort, and though she might now so easily have transferred her black wig and Pentateuch to some horrific mansion in the Gentile suburbs, she would not for worlds be dislodged from Jilk Street, from her next-door neighbours or the synagogue round the corner.)

Mrs. Lipshin was, in fact, ill. She hoped she might set eyes on her son again before she died, though the strange demon had withheld him so long from her. Her son sped home by whatsoever most speedy and costly mode of travel was available. He did not arrive too late.

But when, some weeks later, she died, and all that had seemed to bind him to Doomington was thus dissolved, he did not make swift preparations to render himself once again to the world's lost places. For indeed, no sooner had he set foot once more in Doomington than the Otaheite and Ravenna that had eluded him became manifest. He heard the thunder of the surf and the chanting of the dusky maidens. He heard the hallooing of the bronzed peasants behind their oxen. He appeared duly among the old men of the synagogue; but now that their wailing was in his ears he did not hear it. Now that the smoke-pall hung all day over his head, his vision pursued brilliantly and ruthlessly the superb contours of Etna. He did not move from the tiny house in Jilk Street, even though his mother was dead and the Murphys long since gone. He was appeased in the presence of their ghosts. He wandered from Jilk Street into Ealing Street, through the drab places of Begley Hill, linking thus the Carpathians with the Blue Mountains of Australia. His soul was fulfilled of its desire. He sat meekly among the grey-beards of the synagogue, but there was no second scandal of an impious pocket atlas slipping down from the sacred pages of the prayer-book. He saw now those tawny pillars of Corinth, to which he had been blind when his physical eyes beheld them. His Jilk Street candle was the infinite terracing of lights above the harbour of Hong Kong.

But it had been Otaheite mainly—green macaws, hairy coconuts, tufted monkeys. And when he died, it was the thunder of the surf he heard beyond the pellucid waters of the lagoon. Otaheite was a scarlet lily thrust behind his cold, dead ear.

The Eunuchs' Graveyard

By Eleanor Hillier

FAR away, the other side of the world, there runs a dusty highway from the towered gate of Peking. Disdainful camels stalk the rutted road with slow, soft tread, and sleek mules draw creaking blue-hooded carts along. It runs like a river of sand, now between high dun banks, now broadening out before a confluence with a tributary road. It flows through the high, brown watch-tower of a walled village, where in the midst a forlorn pagoda points to the unsullied blue.

Beyond the village, toward the west, the road again widens as before a famous port of call. Here, on the north bank, embowered in tall trees, stands a handsome red-walled temple, dedicated to the God of War. An air of well-kept prosperity, all too rarely seen, surrounds it. Large black decorative characters stud the wall on either side of the central white-arched gateway. Bell and drum towers, with gay-coloured eaves, rise behind it, overshadowed by green lacery of white pines. In front, as it were a gangway from the tide of traffic, arches a miniature marble bridge, spanning an old dry moat. Two battered but grinning lions, their visages worn smooth by the massage of time and weather, guard the entrance to the bridge.

The strings of camels, the strong mules and pattering donkeys, halt at the temple to drink from a long trough, fed from a buttressed well behind. The muleteers ascend a flight of steps to gain access to the basket-work bucket of the well. Blue-clad hawkers set down their loads, squat under the trees to smoke their long pipes, and exchange the news of the road with the temple coolies. A Peking lark, in a cage suspended from a low bough, goes through his piercing repertory of bird-cries, ending with a realistic cat-call.

Small boys, coming out from their school beyond, pass the side entrance of the temple, opening on to the

altar of the God of War. They stop and raise joined hands to their foreheads in obeisance to the image within. For theirs is an old-fashioned school where they learn, together with the classics, respect for the gods and their elders, in contrast with the iconoclastic new-fangled academies.

To this temple G—— and I would repair for high days and holidays as a rest from the turmoil of the capital. It is no usual temple to Kuan-ti, the God of War, whose popular shrine is found in every town and hamlet throughout the land. It owes its interest and much of its prestige to its connection with the palace eunuchs of the Manchu dynasty. The temple was probably enlarged and embellished when their great graveyard adjoining was first laid out. The long, white wall beyond the temple marks the outer enclosure of the cemetery.

Now in this land of ancestral veneration, each tomb is piously cared for by the descendants of the deceased. But since the life-force of eunuchs has been rendered impotent, they are without posterity. Hence arose the custom of burying them with their fellows in one vast graveyard of their own. Another less imposing cemetery lies near the base of the tortoise-shaped hill of Pa Pao Shan, a few miles to the south-west. The remains of ruined tumuli can also be seen half a mile south of the great highway, where eunuchs of the lowest grades, sweepers, coolies, and actors, were buried. But the graveyard at the temple of the God of War is the most famous and the best preserved.

A gaudy memorial arch marks the entrance. Within is a squalid court where swarm the caretakers' families, of the name of Chang. There is an ancient dame, bent double with age, great-grandmother of the men occupying, with their respective families, the various rooms round the courtyard. One of them is my donkey-man, a little fellow with a meagre wisp of pigtail. He has a strong comely wife with dazzling teeth and a brood of comely children, a fresh baby with every year. The family huddle in winter into one small room.

A manure heap lies in the centre of the yard, with fowls cackling round it, and a goat. Behind a cart a couple of hungry dogs leap out upon intruders, and are beaten off by a vociferous woman armed with a large

wooden prong. A pigsty and a woolly young donkey occupy a corner of the court. The one thing of beauty in the squalor is a gateway of a faded veridian, leading to an inner courtyard where a schoolmaster teaches the classics to a score of village boys. Above the gate a bunch of Indian-corn cobs adds a vivid splash of orange to the green portal.

Beyond the caretakers' yard there emerges a long, lovely glade, set with erect poplars, leading to the entrance of three avenues. The central gateway is of elaborately carved marble of a warm old ivory tint. Of set purpose it is built crooked, at an angle with the white pierced wall, a significant symbol of the nature within that has been thwarted and set at variance.

To right and left are marble tablets, inscribed in Chinese and Manchu, stained and gilded over with rich lichens, and set on the backs of marble tortoises. These are enclosed in parapets ornamented with little twisting lions. Grass and bushes have grown through the cracks of pavements, and by their strength have forced the stones apart and overturned some of the parapets.

Inside are avenues of solemn firs, pines, and junipers, arching over mounds of burial, some earth-coloured, some with a decorative coating of red; others grass-grown or torn asunder by a springing tree. Many mounds have ornate altars bearing stone representations of fruit, candlesticks, and incense-burners, set before tablets inscribed with names and dates, histories and eulogies. The most important tombs lie nearest to the three semi-circular hillocks, where white pine-trees rise in graceful groups. Under these are found altars and incense-burners of beautiful design and delicate workmanship. Often the central incense-burner is carved with pictures of the Buddhist Paradise, and sometimes at the base is a little doorway left ajar, with a figure passing through, or a face peering out. "Death is the opening to another court!" cry these sermons in stone.

In winter the ground is bare and brown under the trees. The Chinese poor live an incredible hand-to-mouth existence on the borderline of hunger, and have no spare coppers wherewith to buy fuel; hence they resort to all kinds of means to mitigate the merciless cold of winter.

The Chang family daily scrape the graveyard bare of any dry leaves, cones, or twigs that the careless wind may have whistled down in the night.

After a fall of snow the graveyard is a fairyland of stainless white. Each altar is spread with a tablecloth of virgin snow, each burial dome seems a gigantic cake or pudding with a frosting of snow sugar. The shape of each frond of the firs is outlined and accentuated by a feathering of rime. The ground is covered with pure, unsullied snow, with perhaps a delicate zigzag tracery showing where some bird has hopped.

With the first mild days of spring, often with no encouragement of rain, there appear in the dust the first green blades of grass, the first pasque-flowers, with their hairy leaves and purple circles of bloom; while a dingy, dust-coloured flower, humble cousin to the polyanthus, is found in the cracks of the parapets. Wild violets and a mauve kind of cuckoo-flower spread lilac patches over the coarse grass between the graves, and purple vetch springs up in the crevices.

In the drowsy, sweet-scented summer, especially after the rains, the grass grows knee-high. Wild asparagus, wild Michaelmas daisies, and the thorny jujube bushes make a rank tangle between the tombs, and begin to smother the wide paths of the avenues. To one who has only seen the barren nakedness of the graveyard in winter, the dense jungle of wild life in summer is incredible. In autumn the Chang family, armed with small sharp sickles, cut down the tall, rank growth and dry the stuff in the sun to use as future fuel.

The graveyard is described by Robert Fortune, that botanist, conscientious, kindly, and intrepid, who visited the interior of China and Japan in the early sixties, to inquire into the nature and preparation of tea. On a trip from Peking to the Western Hills, his eyes beheld the graveyard trees. They lured him to enter, and he writes :

> A little further on I came to a large cemetery surrounded with high walls. As I was making some enquiries about this place, an old Chinese gentleman kindly volunteered to accompany me over it, and to explain everything I wished to know. When we entered this cemetery, I was very much struck with its appearance. It covered many acres of land, and was evidently a very ancient place. Broad walks intersected it at right angles, and lofty trees of juniper, cypress, and pine

were growing in avenues or shading the tombs. Here was an example of taste and civilization which existed at a very early period—probably two or three hundred years ago. When the nations of Europe were crowding their dead in the dismal churchyards of populous towns, and polluting the air, the Chinese, whom we have been accustomed to look upon as only half-civilized, were forming pleasant cemeteries in country places, and planting them with trees and flowers. They were doing ages ago in China what we have been doing only of late years.

At the upper end of the cemetery, and forming a termination to the broad avenues, I observed some large marble tablets, supported by the tortoise and another animal, which my guide informed me were placed there some two hundred years ago, by order of the reigning monarch, over the grave of one of his subjects whom he "delighted to honour." I have remarked elsewhere that a tombstone placed upon a carved representation of an animal of this kind is a sign of royal gift.

Near these royal tombstones I observed a species of pine-tree having a peculiar habit and most striking appearance. It had a thick trunk, which rose from the ground to the height of three or four feet only. At this point some eight or ten branches sprang out, not branching or bending in the usual way, but rising perpendicularly, as straight as a larch, to the height of 80 or 100 feet. The bark of the main stem and the secondary stems was of a milk-white colour, peeling like that of the Arbutus, and the leaves, which were chiefly at the top of the tree, were of a lighter green than those of the common pine. Altogether this tree had a very curious appearance, very symmetrical in form, and the different specimens which evidently occupied the most honourable places in the cemetery were as like one another as they could possibly be.

In all my wanderings in India, China or Japan, I had never seen a pine-tree like this one. What could it be?—was it new?—and had I at last found something to reward me for my journey to the far north? I went up to a spot where two of these trees were standing, like sentinels, one on each side of a grave. They were both covered with cones, and therefore were in a fit state for a critical examination of the species. But although almost unknown in Europe, the species is not new. It proved to be one already known under the name of *Pinus Gungeana*. I had formerly met with it in a young state in the country near Shanghae, and had already introduced it into England, although, until now, I had not the slightest idea of its extraordinary appearance when full grown. I would therefore advise those who have young plants of this curious tree in their collections to look after them, as the species is doubtless perfectly hardy in our climate, and at some future day it will form a very remarkable object in our landscape. One of the trunks, which I measured at three feet from the ground, was twelve feet in circumference.

This pæan of admiration by Robert Fortune is to be found in chapter xxiii of his "Visits to the Capitals of Japan and China" (1861–1862). The white pine-tree whose girth he measured is no longer there. Other pines

there are with ghostly trunks, with flakes of pink and mauve bark peeling off, but they are all of younger growth than the veteran he described. They are grouped in the same spot where he stood, round the grave of an eminent eunuch named Lin Yün Sheng, to whose memory three tablets are inscribed. Since his tomb is at the head of the central avenue, in the very heart and focus of the largest semicircular hillock, it is probable that the cemetery was laid out at his death, when he was the first to be buried within, at the point of foremost honour.

Lin was born toward the close of the Ming dynasty, and rose in power as a eunuch at the Court of the Manchu Emperor K'ang Hsi. He was made master of the Imperial household, and treasurer of the Hunting Park. He died full of honours in the twenty-seventh year of K'and Hsi of glorious memory (1688). The tablet nearest the tomb was erected that year, and is set upon a marble tortoise. It inscribes the various dignities and virtues of the deceased eunuch. A plain tablet in front is also dated the twenty-seventh year of the Emperor's reign, while a third tablet, again mounted upon a tortoise, is inscribed with the twenty-eighth year, seeming to show that posthumous honours were heaped upon him by his Imperial master and friend.

Let us see what manner of man he was, this eunuch whom the scholar Emperor delighted to honour. There is a portrait of him in the side room to the left of the pavilion of the Buddhas in the temple of the God of War. It hangs in a large red shrine above a red altar, and shows a face sad and austere, of a man of thought, ability, and integrity. The character of the man is further emphasized by his plain, even sombre, attire, without embroidery or jewellery. One feels he was a scholar and philosopher, like his Imperial master, and that a similarity of tastes drew them together. For that reason the Emperor wrote in bold script, with his own hand, no less than three honorific inscriptions for his servant and friend. They hang above and on either side of the shrine, and are among the greatest treasures of the temple.

Lin is not the only eunuch whose portrait is preserved in the temple. In complete contrast is the picture of that modern "maker of secret history," Li Lien Ying, which

hangs in the corresponding side room on the right of the pavilion of the Buddhas. Li's career is like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights" or "Hajji Baba."

While a mere lad he was apprenticed to a cobbler, and this early incident gained for him in later years the nickname of "Cobbler's Wax." From this obscure beginning he rose to become the power behind the throne. So great was the ascendancy he gained over the Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, that for thirty years, in matters of policy, his favour had first to be sought by prince or grand councillor advocating a new departure. He rose to such heights of power that the haughtiest viceroy in the Empire, in order to retain office, had to pay a due quota of tribute, and Imperial princes had to wait his pleasure.

It was he who, after the shameful defeat of China by Japan, counselled the Empress Dowager to expend the funds voted for strengthening the feeble navy upon the rebuilding and embellishment of the Summer Palace. His influence it was that heaped shame and humiliation upon the unfortunate Emperor after his abortive attempts at a Reform Movement in 1898. He was the evil genius who encouraged the Empress Dowager to throw in her lot with the Boxers, and besiege the foreign Legations. His hands helped to cast the hapless Pearl Concubine down a well, as the initial step of the Imperial flight from Peking.

Out of the spoils of palace expenditure and the revenues levied from officials, high and low, throughout the Empire, he amassed a colossal fortune. In the looting of Peking by the allied troops, however, this was entirely lost. He at once set to work to gain a second hoard. From the authors of "China Under the Empress Dowager" (p. 97) we learn that Peking bankers, ten years later, estimated Li's wealth to be two millions sterling.

His portrait shows the brutal face of a domineering bully, a *nouveau riche* dressed in sable-lined robes of richest finery, with chains of priceless jade and pendants of tourmaline, his skirts embroidered with waves of the sea. In front of his shrine is a table of newest, gaudiest black and gold lacquer, and yellow brocade hangings encrusted with pink lotus flowers, are suspended over it.

At set festivals of the year, Buddhist priests would

visit the tomb of Li, and chant masses before his portrait. One December week-end, our visit synchronized with one of these celebrations. The strains of unwonted music drew me to the central courtyard of the temple. There I found nine stranger priests chanting prayers in the pavilion of the Buddhas. The chief priest, an old man with a face almost as fleshless as a skull, was clad in a tomato-coloured silk robe with a crimson over-garment, while the eight others were in robes of crushed-strawberry folds over black. All wore an ancient Ming headdress of black silk. Shoes of Imperial yellow encased the feet of the senior priest, the others being shod in decorous black. Each of the eight held a drum or musical instrument.

For some time they droned prayers to the clash of cymbal and beat of drum, in front of the image of Amitabha Buddha. These ended, they filed in slow procession to the steps of the apartment where was enshrined the portrait of Li Lien Ying. Here, after a preliminary chorus by the eight, the head priest lifted up a thin quavering wail intoning a recitative that introduced a new motif. Directly the chorus had struck in, a retainer in the court behind them set fire to a mystic little bundle of paper and writing. The wind caught the burning mass, and blew it slowly across the courtyard. This ended the ceremony.

In conformity with Li's blatant character, he chose not to be buried with the common herd of eunuchs in the large graveyard, but in a choice site of his own, lying between the cemetery and the temple. Our priest once told us the history of this plot of ground.

A previous eunuch favourite had, unknown to the Dowager, privately annexed the site as his own, and actually went so far as to have marble altars and incense-burners set there in preparation for his death. (It came—swifter than he knew!) In doing so, he had arrogated to himself almost princely honours. Eager rivals carried the tale of his presumption to the ears of his august mistress, whose rage was inflamed against him. The wretched man sent word in panic to have the offending marbles removed, in the vain hope, that, lacking evidence, the Empress might pardon his arrogance. The heavy

carvings were hoisted over the wall and rolled down the hillock at the back of the temple, where they lay at the base half buried among the bushes. But it was of no avail. The eunuch paid the penalty of his head, and the outraged Empress Dowager soothed her feelings by handing the graveyard forthwith to a rival for her favour, Li Lien Ying.

It is an enchanting spot, carpeted in spring with mauve windflowers and wild violets. Great trees of sophora, dainty umbrella-trees and spraying lilac shade a diminutive marble bridge over a miniature moat. A marble arch opens to an avenue of spiring firs, between which are set richly-carved incense-burners, vases, and offerings of fruit on ornate altars. Here also are super-tablets deeply incised with bas-reliefs of writhing dragons, inscribed with all the honours Li could sing in praise of himself. A large slab in the pavement marks the entrance to an inclined way leading underground to the vault itself, which lies below the hideous brown pudding mould set on a dais at the end. The subterranean passage was made with a pair of stone doors, so cunningly contrived that when once closed, they were locked for evermore.

Li outlived his Imperial mistress for two years. G—— well remembered the arrogant old eunuch coming to the temple from time to time, to superintend the preparations for his tomb, and to see that the workmanship was of the best. From under the curving roofs of a painted pavilion at the side, he would survey the scene, and sip tea in the shade of the lilacs.

Strange irony that the vindictive arch-intriguer, the hated, the feared, the cruel, should have this haunt of beauty for his tomb! Most innocent of all ironies, that his grave should grow a profusion of "wild dragon's whiskers" (wild asparagus), yielding a flavour more delicious than the fattest of white succulent slugs culled from a prize hothouse. The paradox appealed to G——'s sardonic humour, and he would order for breakfast, each spring Sunday, "omelettes aux asperges de Li Lien Ying!"

The Babylonian Reading Society

By George Sale

THE note asking for an essay to appear in the society's magazine did not reach me on the evening of delivery. I had gone to bed rather early, and my wife placed it on the bedroom mantel for my perusal in the morning. But, as luck would have it, I woke up about 2 a.m., turned on the light, saw the letter, and at once opened and read it. I decided for the moment not to give the subject a thought, put out the light, and retired to bed again, but I found it impossible to sleep. I turned over in my mind a number of likely and unlikely topics, many of which I now forget, but finally determined to write a short paper on the history of books, i.e. a description of the various forms in which written language has been preserved for perusal. In fancy I roamed through the long centuries backward from our own era, reviewing all the shapes in which books have been produced. I saw in turn the infinite variety of styles in which the books of to-day are published, from sumptuous folio to dainty duodecimo, from the costliest binding to the plainest of paper covers. Then came the stout and sober-coloured volumes which our grandfathers loved. Further back still I recalled the old-fashioned, clumsy books of Caxton's earliest achievement, and, in a remoter past, the illuminated manuscripts of medieval times, the parchment or vellum glorious with richly coloured margins, filled with quaint ornament, each capital letter and each opening paragraph a labour of love. I remembered such a manuscript, enriched with pictures of valorous knights jousting at the tournament, of fair dames looking down from turreted walls—saints, warriors, pilgrims, lackeys—grouped with almost Eastern disregard of perspective, and I thought how I should like to see an illuminated copy of Tennyson's "Idylls" wrought in such a fashion. Again I saw the great manuscript Bibles of early days, chained to the reading-desk, and as the gloom of the dark

ages seemed to shroud from view the further scene, imagination pictured venerable monks in their cheerless cells, steadily working away at their transcriptions. My mind seemed at this juncture to remain for a while quiescent, when suddenly I saw portrayed before me the bookworld of pre-Christian times, the leaden sheets and waxed tablets, the parchment and papyrus rolls with which Hebrew and Greek and Roman conserved the memory of the past, and I saw, too, the mysterious hieroglyphs of the Egyptians, carved on obelisk and pillar by many an ancient temple court in the land of old Nile.

Still borne on the wings of imagination, I crossed the thirsty sands of Arabia and beheld afar the stately towers and walls of ancient Assyrian and Babylonian cities, and thought of their libraries of *Bricks*, engraved with the cuneiform character, each tablet numbered and catalogued and treating of the times when the world was yet young. I recalled to mind the fact that these old cities were great centres of literary activity, and I could not help reflecting on the difficulties attending the diffusion of knowledge when such cumbrous things as bricks were the only form of book extant. I called to mind all the authorities I had studied, and while deeply immersed in the history of the early Accadians, the Latins of the Babylonian world, I heard a slight noise, and, looking up, beheld a figure whose aspect riveted me to the spot for some moments. He was clad in some long, flowing garment of Eastern fabric, and had about him an indescribably strange, weird, old-world air. Somehow the impression was borne in upon me that I had seen a similar face before on some old sculptured wall or monument. He smiled sweetly, however, on noticing my amazement, and there was something so beautiful in the smile, so humanizing, so kindly, that I felt at once quite at home with him.

He drew from the folds of his garment a small brick, covered with arrow-headed characters, and presented it to me with a low bow, full of Oriental grace. A curious thing occurred when I glanced at this novel visiting card, for it was in reality the equivalent of one. I seemed at once to be endowed with a strange ability instantly

to decipher its unfamiliar characters, and saw at once that it was the official card, or rather brick, of Sardalshazzar, the librarian and secretary of the Babylonian Reading or Literary Society, meeting in the Hanging Gardens on the first day of the new moon, at the hall of thirty million bricks. My visitor's eyes glowed with pleasure as I read off half inquiringly the inscription, and he bowed assent to the correctness of my interpretation. He then in a low, mellifluous voice uttered a few sentences, which, marvellous to relate, I instantly understood, and construed to imply an invitation to be present at the next meeting of the society, which would begin in half an hour. There would be just time, a chariot with four winged bulls was at the door, and he begged me to honour him by an instant compliance. These words seemed to float into my mind with no sense of incongruity, and I felt no astonishment whatever at my new-found gift of comprehending an unknown and ancient language, and no surprise at the oddity of the whole affair.

I rose to accompany him, but on opening the door of my house I certainly was struck with wonder at the scene. The sun was shining brightly still in the west, and the whole plain of the Euphrates and the Tigris lay before me, level and fertile as one vast garden, and filled with evidences of the presence and activity of a highly civilized race. The city lay apparently at a considerable distance, some ten miles as it appeared to me, but a glance at the chariot and its winged steeds gave me assurance that we should arrive in time. They bowed their mighty necks and pawed the ground impatiently at our approach. My strange friend vaulted lightly into the chariot, motioning to me to seat myself beside him. I did so, noticing at the same time that the vehicle was of regal splendour, being constructed of the finest ivory, inlaid with gold and pearl, and with wheels of burnished brass. The road was perfect, and we seemed to sail through the air, so noiselessly smooth and swift was our progress. Indeed, the journey was so rapid that, as in an express train, distant objects seemed suddenly to surge up to us and glide away with lightning celerity into the far background.

In a few moments we reached and crossed the drawbridges of the great river, which moated the city walls, entered the shadow of the ramparts, and glided beneath the giant archway, whose massy brazen gates rolled open with dull thunder at our approach. Presently, amid a vision of broad and stately streets and beautiful avenues, we began the ascent of a gentle slope leading to the Hanging Gardens, and our pace slackened as we mounted through lovely groves of tropical vegetation, the air heavy with the fragrance of flowers of unfamiliar and intoxicating perfumes. While I gazed with rapture on the scene before me, our chariot drew up in front of a large building, of severe but stately character. Its grand proportions and the beauty and extent of the grounds around it indicated that it was the residence of some person of rank, and my guide whispered to me that it was the palace of Prince Belpulchizedeck, a noted patron of the arts, and an author of some pretensions. He also inquired whether I had a card, and seeing that I was unprovided with one, he drew from his girdle a small chisel, and beckoning to an attendant who stood near in charge of a heavy chariot laden with blank bricks and held one of them in his hand, he hastily took it, inscribed my name upon it in the cuneiform character, and handed it to another lackey bidding him take it, and also his own (the one he had given me), into the mansion. He explained, as he asked me to return it later on, that, for obvious reasons, it was not customary in Babylon to cumber one's card-case with more than one brick.

I had time to notice, while waiting for the return of the lackey, that the broad area in front of the mansion was crowded, not only with the winged-bull chariots of many members of the society, equipages of the most costly character, but also with a great number of plain chariots drawn by oxen of the ordinary kind, i.e. without wings, each chariot containing about half a ton weight of incised bricks. My companion explained that each load contained a section or division answering to a page of our modern volumes, and that these were conveyed as required by attendant bearers on a sort of four-handed frame, or stage, into the interior of the mansion, during

the progress of each reading, and as they were read off were deposited by the reader upon a similar stage or platform and carried out again, being constantly succeeded by a fresh load as the reading went on. It was also intimated to me that a road visible at the side of the mansion led to the prince's brickfield—no literary man in Babylon being able to dispense with this adjunct to his home, to which he could retire to while away his leisure and commit to the clay tablets the fleeting fancies of the hour. My informant also imparted to me the curious fact that in damp weather, when it was impossible to dry the bricks by ordinary means (they being only sunbaked), it was usual to place among them some completed series of dissertations on law, political economy and kindred subjects of such exceeding dryness as to terminate the process very quickly indeed.

In the midst of my reflections on the intensely interesting and novel position in which I found myself, the attendant who had borne our bricks into the mansion returned, signifying that we were welcome, and invited us with great solemnity to enter.

I have but an indistinct memory of the interior of the place, which appeared to me rather dark and bare, but of noble proportions. There was a perfect maze of halls and courts, with here and there, as we threaded its labyrinthine corridors, a beautiful patio, or inner garden-like square, adorned with flowering shrubs and fountains. Everywhere there were crowds of attendants, some richly robed, others armed, helmeted, the feet sandaled, the loins girded, but all were silent. At length we entered a hall of great size. It was the place of meeting. We were greeted by a stately matron to whom my guide whisperingly introduced me. It was the Lady President of the Reading Society. I noticed that her brows were somewhat contracted, and perceived that my guide had incurred her displeasure by being too late to read the minutes of the last meeting. He told me that the ten ox-carts conveying them had been delayed, the carters having imbibed too much of heavy Mesopotamian wine.

However, the proceedings were at once begun by the reader of the evening, a Mr. Assurbanalis, whose subject was the history of Semiramis. It would take too

much time to recount the many very interesting facts mentioned by the reader, as pile after pile of his bricks was brought in by the noiseless bearers, and carried out again as soon as read. Suffice it to say that the erudition displayed would have done credit to any modern historian of eminence, and there was little to find fault with in the style of delivery.

Of course, the pace of the reading was a little slower than ours, but great clearness was obtained by the mode of arrangement of the various paragraphs, which was such that each face of the brick contained a complete sentence, the moment occupied in turning over to the next face forming a pause, and the dropping of the fully-read brick on to the pile completing this analogue of our punctuation by a sort of full stop.

It was explained to me that the art of elocution consisted principally in the manner in which the several bricks were dropped upon the pile in front of him by the reader, and strange as it may seem, the effect produced on the mind by the differing timbre of each particular brick, dependent as it was on the force with which it was dropped or flung, was very remarkable.

In certain vehement passages the reader flung them on the pile with a violence which threatened to smash them to pieces, and then, as softer themes were touched on, they fell with a soft and melodiously tinkling clink which was most persuasively eloquent. The audience sat with their visiting bricks in their hands, and signified their approval of certain sentiments by each tapping his neighbour's.

I noticed, however, as time wore on, that the reading, deeply interesting as it was, began to pall on some of the hearers, who were less patient than the rest, and at last, remarking these signs of weariness, the President inquired whether the essay would last much longer, as the limit of time allotted by the rules was already exceeded. The hint did not seem at all welcome to the reader, who explained that he could not do justice to his subject without completing his lecture.

It was decided to send out and count the number of loads of bricks still awaiting perusal, and on the return of the messengers it was announced there were still ten

chariots to empty, each full of bricks incised in very small characters. A discussion arose at this juncture as to the propriety of continuing or adjourning the reading, and to my surprise these apparently sedate Orientals showed great warmth on the point, and the debate became quite angry. Visiting bricks were threateningly shaken by their owners in the faces of their opponents, and the storm of voices and the clink of bricks became deafening. At this moment an unfortunate incident occurred. The porters returned with a fresh load of bricks to continue the reading. Someone interposed forcibly to prevent their being placed before the reader, and this was the signal for unexpected violence. One of those who desired the continuance of the subject threw his visiting brick at the head of this objector, and this one untoward act was the signal for a scene of furious riot such as I hope never to witness again. The noble hall was instantly converted into a battlefield. The reader's pile of bricks, the visiting bricks, and even the vast brick library, which row upon row lined the walls of the room, were converted into deadly missiles. The air was dark with brickdust, and resounded with groans of pain and yells of rage. I turned to fly from the place, when I felt a fearful blow on the head—fire flashed from my eyes—I swooned away and fell down—down, till I struck some soft substance, which I found to be my own familiar bed. My wife was tapping my head playfully, and she exclaimed, "Dear me! What noises you have been making in your sleep." I muttered something about my chariot and the winged bulls. She looked at me dubiously, shook her head, and said sadly, that it was evident I required more rest and change of air. I quite agree with her.

Juanna

An Idyl of Madeira

By Madge Sutherland Clarke

JUANNA sat on the little platform in front of the hut, plaiting willow withes into armchairs. She was always plaiting willow, except when she was carrying the chairs on her head, eight at a time, down the steep cobbled trail that led to the town, two thousand feet below. It took her two days of incessant work to prepare the willows and make a chair. The dealer gave her five *escudos* and sold the chair to the big hotel for fifteen. To-day, the strong brown fingers forced the tough withes into place even more swiftly than usual. Her patient dark eyes, slightly rimmed with red and gently ruminant like the eyes of a draught bullock, never glanced down on the splendour of the scene before her. She knew it all so well, and she thought so little about it. All her life she had spent on the mountain in that small square hut with its pyramid roof of palm thatch rising just above the plumy stalks of the sugar cane that threatened to submerge it entirely in an inundation of waving green. The banana trees crowded it from the back, and must have pushed it bodily from its foothold on the cliff had it not been for three large camellia trees, just now glorious with their weight of rose-coloured flowers, which stood as a bulwark in front of the cabin.

Below, the mountain-side—scarred with shadowy ravines, marked by winding trails and small white hamlets, with here and there a sharp, church-crowned peaklet—sloped down through terraced vineyards to the pale green cane fields and banana plantations of the lower levels; to the wide-flung town among its palm trees and rich gardens; to the castled mole; and beyond, to the sea of wondrous blue, streaked in all its broad expanse with patterns of glistening silver. Slowly the light deepened, the sails of the fishing smacks turned orange.

The poinsettias on the lower terrace caught and held the light till they burned like live coals. There was high carnival in the western sky. Then, like wood ashes over flame, the slow grey came and put out the blaze. The short December day was over.

Juanna fastened the end of the final braid on her chair. It was finished now and ready for market, the last one of the last six. Perhaps she would never make another. To-morrow would come the great ship that was to carry her far away to the new land, not the land of her dreams—for Juanna never had time to dream—but to the land of her refuge, her salvation. This was her last night in the old cabin. She looked about her at the simple, familiar objects with tenderness, and her thoughts drifted backwards.

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She saw herself a small girl toiling up from the *levada*, a baby on one arm, a heavy pail of water on the other. There was always a new baby in the cottage, and Juanna was nurse for each one as it came. Her mother was usually ailing, her father, a stevedore, was always dog-tired at night and frequently a little the worse for *aguardiente*, the strong sugar-cane brandy that slowly poisons the peasants. For Juanna, there was the water to fetch from the *levada*, the babies to tend and the everlasting washing. This she did on her knees at the runlet of fresh water that rushed down from the mountains in a narrow cement gully at the side of the steep street. When she was ten she began the basket-making. Cross old Carlotta, her mother's aunt, taught her how to prepare the willow withes and plait them. Later, she learned to make the big chairs. At sixteen she knew how to tie them into bundles, and how to balance the great superstructure on her head. At first she carried two, then four, and now eight at a time down the long steep way to the town.

The bright spots in her retrospect were nearly all connected with João, lame Antonio's son, who lived in the ravine. They used to carry their small loads together as children, and sometimes they would go to the Ribeiro to cut willows. It was a long way, and they had to work hard all day; but they ate their bread and guavas together

at the noon rest and played *macaco*, and sometimes João would make little tunes on the small mouth organ that was his pride. On rare occasions, in moments of great good nature, he would let Juanna blow a tune. Those were moments of pure rapture. At evening, balancing the big bundles of willow on their heads, they would trudge homeward up the steep trail to the little village. The single street ran between walled gardens and tiny shops where men were drinking and little children were running about and women were doing eyelet embroidery at their doors. On the top of the walls, from little vine-covered pergolas and *mirantes*, rows of sleek heads hung out—whole families engaged in the age-old Portuguese custom of "watching the street," a diversion of which no one ever seemed to tire. Sometimes a girl would throw down a rose, and once a big ripe fig struck João on the nose and stained his face with purple juice. The whole street had rocked with laughter.

And so life went on until the terrible season when the cholera ravaged the island and threatened to depopulate it. First Juanna's mother succumbed, and then, one after another, the children were carried off. In the same year her father was killed while unloading a steamer. Juanna was left alone. She became very expert at the chair-making, and every week carried her bulky quota to the market. Besides this she worked now and then for the wife of Pedro Gomez at Camara de Lobos. By dint of unflagging industry she earned enough for her simple needs, and was able to put by a few *escudos* now and then.

João had come more and more into her life. She dwelt with passion on the memory of the pink cotton frock he had bought for her. She had coveted a frock like that all her life, and when he gave it to her, her joy was so great that it choked her. She became inarticulate, and João thought she didn't care for it. Every stitch that went into the making of that dress was a mute song. The pink brought out the rich red tones underlying the brown of Juanna's cheeks. When she stepped shyly out to the waiting lad, her black hair neatly plaited under her white kerchief, her eyes shining, a rose-coloured camellia in her bosom, she was good to look at. João told her so—

his first compliment—then he shyly kissed her. That was the first milestone.

With her savings she helped him to buy on part credit a pair of sleek bullocks. Together they made the *carro*, Juanna doing the fine basket-work and making the gay chintz curtains and seat covers. It was a beautiful *carro*, with the smoothest runners in all Funchal, and João who was a handsome lad became it well. He had white teeth and a ready smile. He knew a little English and the visitors at the hotel liked to hire him. Number *vinte-e-cinco* was always in demand. He earned good money. They were to be married at the New Year, and Juanna began her simple preparations.

One day he took her to town in his *carro*, and she rode like a lady down the steep, hard trail, whose cobble-stones her bare feet had helped to polish during so many years. It was the proudest day of her life. Then came the thunderbolt. Returning in the afternoon, Juanna saw João's *carro* standing under the pepper trees in a little square at the upper end of the town. A slow smile crept into her eyes. She would give João the package of cigarettes she had bought him, and sit in the *carro* a bit while he smoked. Gently she parted the curtains at the back and looked in. João was there—and there, too, was a slim, town-dressed girl whom João was holding in his arms and energetically kissing. One Lucia she was, a girl who worked in the Bazar. For a long time Juanna stood motionless, while the tides of her wrath rose slowly from the deep places in her heart. The two in the *carro* were too occupied to hear the swift intake of Juanna's breath when the tides reached the flood. Swift as the leap of a panther her two hands shot out and her ten finger-nails buried themselves in the girl's face and hair. There was a sharp scream. João turned, his face black with rage, and struck savagely at Juanna. She fell to the ground half stunned. When she opened her eyes the *carro* was gliding swiftly down the street. The musical "Ah-oh-ah" of the Portuguese bullock-driver floated up to her. It was João speeding up his beasts—João hurrying down out of her life. Juanna picked up her basket and walked steadily up the long trail to the cabin.

Day after day she waited for João to return to her, but he did not come. Despair like a black iron door shut down upon her path. Life had come to a standstill. She worked on mechanically, but she could no longer weave her willows all day, care free, her mind a pleasant blank. For now, hateful fears like little cold lizards darted out from dark crevices of her soul, leaving an icy track behind. Thinking was always difficult for her primitive mind, but now fear drove her to it, and she began to plan. The result of the planning was that she walked one day to the hacienda of Pedro Gomez at Camara de Lobos. She knew that Pedro had sold his farm and that he was about to emigrate with his whole family to Brazil. She found Maria, Pedro's stout wife, distraught with preparations. The eight children were all in the kitchen. One baby was whimpering in her arms, the twins were shrieking lustily from their cradle, and the other five—the oldest only eight—were underfoot everywhere. Household goods were lying about, half-packed cases blocked the doorways. Maria was desperately giving confused orders that no one attempted to carry out. Juanna put on her apron and fell to work. The babes stopped wailing, the piles of stuff were sorted out, the blocked doors were freed. Maria saw light. After the noon rest she led her husband apart.

"Listen, Pedro," she said impressively. "Thinkest thou that thy wife has ten hands and ten feet? Can I go a journey of twenty days on a ship where all are helpless from the sea-sickness, with the three babies in arms and five small children at my skirts and no woman to aid me?" She waxed eloquent. "I am strong, I am willing, but I cannot do impossible things. I must have help. Let us take Juanna with us. She is a good worker and as strong as a bullock. She will be to thee as good as a man and to me as three women in the house."

Pedro protested on the score of the passage-money. A shrewd look came into Maria's fat-encircled eyes. She whispered a few words. Pedro listened attentively. "In that case," he said, " she must work without wages until all is paid for, counting off also for the weeks when she will not be able to labour, and for the keep of the child when it comes. We will tell the folks there in Brazil

that she is a new-made widow. All will be well." He made a mental calculation. "Let us say two years without pay."

"If she will consent to that," said Maria dubiously; but Juanna accepted the hard terms and signed forthwith her articles of indentured slavery almost with a light heart. Her sombre eyes lightened, the lizards of fear whisked back into their crevices, the iron door was raised a little—enough to show a way out.

For weeks now Juanna had been performing incredible labours. Every morning she rose at three o'clock and started on the long walk down to the hacienda. Until two she worked like a draught animal. It took two hours to climb up to the cabin. At four o'clock she settled down to work at the chair-making until dark. Later she toiled by candle light on sundry tiny garments until sleep overcame her. For always that goading fear urged her on. She must prepare. The six chairs she had finished on this last night would add another bit to the little store she was hoarding for the new life. She gave a long sigh. At least she would be far away on the day of João's marriage, and her own ordeal, when the time came, would find her in a new land where no one would point the finger of scorn at her. She thought almost with affection of those strange people who would not know. It was well.

Juanna rose and lighted her candle. Then she went to the little image of the Madonna on the wall and knelt long before it. Every night and morning since she was a small girl she had knelt there, and now this was the last time. Tenderly and very reverently she took the image down and wrapped it in a soft cloth. She brought out the store of chemises and nightgowns, with their simple embroidered edges, that she had made for her marriage. With them she put the tiny garments she had prepared. Two slow tears welled to her eyes, but she brushed them resolutely aside. Then she laid out the garments she was to wear on the journey: the red flannel petticoat, the orange kerchief with its silk border, the stout new shoes. She tied the six chairs together and fastened her basket of personal effects skilfully on top of the structure. All was ready for the start at four o'clock. She gave a long

sigh, this time, of relief, and went to bed and to dreamless sleep.

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Early the next morning a great Atlantic liner steamed slowly into the harbour of Funchal. A tall English girl stood alone on the upper deck looking with a rapt expression at the marvellous scene. From the great headland at the east there stretched landward the mighty arch of a perfect rainbow—one iridescent pier in the sea, the other resting on the mountain's flank, the keystone high in the blue of heaven. And through this vast portal of shimmering iris, the enchanted island, its purple peaks half seen through veils of shifting mist, smiled and glistened and beckoned. For a long time the girl stood dreaming, her eyes on the rainbow gate. After a time she became vaguely aware of a disturbing note. Gradually there forced itself on her consciousness a kind of moaning chant punctuated by sharp cries. It continued indefinitely, with iteration and reiteration of one rhythm: "Ai de mem! Ai de mem! Acompanho la Senhora! Ai de mem!" Curious at last, the girl ran down to the deck below. A crowd of passengers was looking on and laughing at the discomforture of two sailors who were trying to unclasp from the railing of the companion-way the strong brown fingers of a struggling peasant girl. She had clinched herself fast, and when her hands were forcibly loosened she wound her stout legs around the uprights and clung like a limpet. A petty officer was directing operations. The sailors were trying to be gentle, as became good Britons in dealing with a woman, but they were being worsted. The girl's orange kerchief had fallen off and the neatly-parted black hair was dishevelled, her gay petticoat of scarlet wool was much in evidence as she plied her stout shoes and exerted every ounce of her great strength. She was making a gallant fight. The crowd laughed and encouraged her with shouts, but the English girl did not smile.

"What is it?" she asked of a young American near her.

"Oh," he said laughing, "she's an emigrant bound for Brazil—belongs to the fat woman over there scolding the crowd in Portuguese. The doctor says the girl's got trachoma, and they won't let her sail. Rather rough on

her, but it can't be helped. If she got through here the authorities in Brazil wouldn't let her land. They're very strict about trachoma."

The pity in the girl's eyes deepened. Juanna was moaning bitterly, "Ai de mem! Ai de mem!" but she was still valiant and unsubdued. To her simple mind it was a fight for life against senseless cruelty and injustice on the part of forces that she did not understand. She struggled with the desperation of a wild creature caught in a trap. She *must* go with Gomez and Maria to Brazil.

A whistle blew—in five minutes the ship was timed to start. The second officer was summoned. "Time to stop this show," he said tersely, and gave a crisp order. Six able seamen lined up. Gently, but very firmly, the first one forced one of her hands from the railing, another man held it in an iron grip, while the second hand was prized open and imprisoned. Two other men took charge of her feet. In a businesslike manner they uncramped the stout legs and then, two holding her head, two her hands, and two her feet, they lifted her bodily, carried her head foremost down the ladder and dumped her, like a corded calf ready for the slaughter-house, into the tender. The pitiful little basket was thrown in after her. There were tears in the tall girl's eyes as she watched the ignominious end of the tragi-comedy. She gazed after the tender as it put off for shore, and saw Juanna crouched in the stern, her head buried in her hands, her shoulders heaving with sobs, while fainter and fainter came back the heart-rending cry, "Ai de mem! Ai de mem!"

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Juanna sat on a sugar sack at the far end of the pier and watched the big ship steam out to sea. Her eyes, red with weeping, ached horribly. What had that cruel ship's doctor said about them? She could not remember the hard word. She thought of Isabel, the little embroideress who used to stitch at her fine eyelet work from morning till night, and who had gone blind. Now she begged in the market. Juanna shuddered—an icy fear numbed her. She huddled in her shawl, and tried to think. In the great emergency her mind rallied from its torpor. She would go to the doctor of eyes at the

Municipio. Perhaps he could save her sight. With the *escudos* she had saved for Brazil she could pay him. Mechanically she put her hand in the pocket of her red petticoat. Her purse was gone. She remembered now that she had given it to Gomez to take care of when she boarded the ship. "Ai de mem!" she moaned and, beaten at all points, threw herself down upon the low parapet of the wharf. The black door had once more fallen upon her life. This time it would not lift again. Below her gleamed the blue water. It was very deep there, they said. Peasants are patient folk, and bear their burdens doggedly. They seldom put an end to their tragedies by self-destruction. Juanna had no thought of suicide, but she felt stupefied and dizzy. The long hours of physical and emotional strain had weakened her. The blue water seemed to call her, her head drooped lower.

"Juanna, what dost thou?" A strong hand pulled her roughly back from the edge. "Carlos has told me what the rascals did to thee on the boat. If I had them here I'd break their bones and the bones of Pedro Gomez, too, the black pig. Look up, my girl, it is thy João who wants thee back."

Juanna neither moved nor spoke. He shook her gently, and then, fumbling in his pocket, brought forth a piece of crumpled paper. "See," he said, "I still have it, the licence. Come thou with me to the Municipio, and after that the Priest at San Antonio will do his part."

He stroked her hand persuasively, but it was a long time before she spoke. "But, Lucia?" she questioned, incredulous, "what of her?"

João snapped his fingers. "Bah!" he said scornfully, "she is *nada*."

Still Juanna said nothing. João rose and took her by the arm. "Come!" he commanded peremptorily, "the *carro* is waiting, there is just time for the Bureau before it closes. Then to the Priest and after to the casa. It is true the roof is not quite finished yet—but we can manage. Also the cane is ready for cutting, and there is much to be done." He picked up her basket. "Wilt come?"

She nodded dully. The iron door had opened again, but there was no rosy horizon beyond.

Lines on the Flyleaf of Richard Middleton's Poems

By Eva Dobell

BEAUTIFUL on the mountains are the feet
Of those who bring us Beauty, that bright Word
Of God made manifest. Their lips repeat
In song the Beatific Whisper heard
On the hill of vision. Of that starry birth
Glad tidings of great joy they bring to earth.

There came a poet from the shining height
That looks toward the Day-Spring; singing down
Into the world's dark city. The strange light
Of Beauty rested on him like a crown.
The dull-eared city-folk in guerdon gave
For that sweet song, an exile's lonely grave.

Had we no poet's wreath of fadeless bay
For Middleton? or since most jealous Death
For love of that clear song stole him away,
We should have shrouded him in fragrant breath
Of roses, roses,—never rose more sweet
Than those flower-songs he scattered at our feet.

Yet what were our praise worth? Immortal Keats,
—Beauty's Endymion, fading in her kiss,—
Hails him as brother; each the other meets
In Grief's communion, and the piercing bliss
Those know whom Beauty kindles to desire,
Their hearts the fuel for that sacred fire.

The song is broken. Far from all held dear
The singer under foreign earth is laid.
The hand that wrote the golden lyrics here
Is fallen to dust whereof the flowers are made.
—Not flowers for England!—From that dust should spring
Primroses for her meadows' blossoming.

Though in the stranger town his body lies,
His words are music breathed on English air
In cadenced melody that never dies,
Making our heritage of speech more fair.
His spirit turns, where its bright fountain rose,
Back to the Well-Spring whence all Beauty flows.

The Cathedral: A Sonnet

By R. W. B. Burton

EARTH'S glories have I seen: gaunt ivied towers,
Sleeping in silence through the fretful years,
Whose immemorial stone nor feels nor fears
Time's rude assaults; and I have seen fair flowers
Jewel the darkling green of July bowers;
I've seen the moon—with silver glance she peers
From out the hurrying clouds, and stars like spears
From the broad shield of night descend in showers.

Then beauty 'midst confusion met my sight—
There is a shrine within the busy loom
Of life; in the Cathedral's misty light
Peace shines; and far amid the pillar'd gloom
Dim windows shed mysterious glow; and there
Prostrate, the quick and dead commune in prayer.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Trade and the Holiday Spirit

Heddle had been studying the newspaper report of British trade statistics for 1926, and he turned with a chastened air to Sergeant Murphy.

"Rotten year," said he. "We look like going broke." Then he added bitterly, "and all due to Mr. Blooming Cook."

"You've said it," said Sergeant Murphy. "The same Misther Cook, fresh from his thriumphal thrip to Russia, must be feelin' proud of himself to-day. I can just see him pickin' up this report and over a glass of vodka with some college chum, wearin' a chess-player's moniker, remarkin', 'If you're lookin' for a monument to the Coal Sthrike, what's wrong with this wan?' Only he hoped it 'ud be a tomb."

"Do you think we'll get over it?" asked Heddle.

"To be sure we will. We're not down an' out be a long way yet. But it's an uphill job, Heddle—an uphill job. And the min that have to do it are the wans that Misther Cook has been slandherin' to the mass meetin's of vinomous Offs and Vitches in Moscow. Cook's own salary depinds on whether the British manufacturer comes through successfully or not."

"You see," he continued, "a counthry like this that relies on foreign thrade for its livin' has the divil's own job to get back a market it has lost. There's no frindship in the thrade world. We've got Germans, Belgians, Frinchmen, Americans and all the rest of thim fightin' like tigers to get the ordhers that used to come to us. And if we were slippin' down the hill to Carey Sthreet, as likely as not it would be wan or more of our gallant allies that would help us to the bottom with a sthrong shove.

"Besides, at the best of times thrade's a gamble.

"There's the cotton and woollen manufacturin', for instance. Things are goin' on nicely, and Lancashire and Yorkshire are makin' money hand over fist whin suddenly the fashion says that skirts are to be reduced one-third in width, or cami-somethin's are de regoor only

for charwomen and social workers. The next week the mills find they're over-producin', and a period of short time in the industhry comes on. Or China, as she's doin' now, starts a riot, or India or Egypt a boycott, or the United States raises the tariff wall agen textiles until you can't see over it from wan of the skyscrapers, or a thousand-and-wan other things may happen that'll give our spinners and weavers a nasty smack in the eye. And the same with all the other manufactures. We'll have to work like niggers to hold our own.

"That's why I was so glad to read of the early holiday thraffic at Christmas time. It was, as usual, Heddle, unprecedinted.

"I noticed it meself in the City. In some of the offices the seniors got away on the Tuesday. In others, devotion to duty kept the executive with their noses to the grindstone until the Wednesday. And the juniors sweated away till the Thursday or even Friday morning, forgettin' they'd have to come back on the Tuesday, perhaps. Happily it wasn't till the Wednesday followin' that any work at all began in the City, and thin it was mostly preparin' for the New Year celebrations.

"The fact is, Heddle, we're all in thrainin' for the big industhrial sthruggle of 1927. From now on we shall have nothin' but a few long week inds, say Thursday to Tuesday, in the way of relaxation, until Easter comes, whin we hope to snatch a meagre week away from the incessant toil that's wearin' us down. The three or four days at Whitsun is scarcely worth considerin', and it isn't till the summer comes that we are able to get another breather for a few weeks.

"Mind you, it's the same throughout the counthry. Mill hands see the urgent necessity of takin' a day off in the middle of the week to watch Oldham Thursday beat Rotherham Friday by three goals to none. And a cricket test match will always induce tins of thousands of min to leave the binch and the loom to support our prestige in the grandest of all English games."

"Do Germans and Belgians and the like get holidays like that?" asked Heddle.

"They would," replied Sergeant Murphy, "only they haven't time to take thim. They're at work."

Large Scale Production

By Horace Shipp

Macbeth. (Princes Theatre.)
Faust. (Albert Hall.)

OCCASIONALLY in the world of the theatre something big and challenging happens. We go on for weeks or even for months attending new productions of pleasant musical pieces, costume plays, story plays, competent pieces by competent men of the theatre, with the measure of our appreciation rising above the commonplace now and again when some more than ordinarily successful effort on these levels commands more than ordinary approval. Then one of the big things occurs. All the resources of the art are brought to bear in a supreme effort, and it will succeed greatly or fail dismally. By a strange paradox it may quite easily do both. But whatever it does will be on the grand scale.

Such in the theatre proper is the production of Sybil Thorndike's season of *Macbeth;* and such in the world of the film the super-production of *Faust* which Mr. Cochrane, that first of English showmen, sponsored at the Albert Hall. In both instances we had the interesting phenomenon of the recruiting of first-rate artists for every department of the work entailed. *Macbeth* was not allowed to rest upon the histrionic reputations of a few principals, but came to us replete with an excellent musical score by Mr. Granville Bantock, and a truly great scheme of decoration and costuming by Mr. Charles Ricketts; *Faust* was not only a masterpiece of kinematography and film acting, but its captions were written by no less a person than Mr. Arnold Bennett, and its music again was in the hands of a reputable musician in the person of Mr. Landon Ronald, with an excellent orchestra and choir working under him. This was largess. In either case it was a bid, not merely for popular success, but for artistic perfection of expression. It is the artist's way of success, and not the least remarkable that it happens, too, to be the way of profitable enterprise.

Critically in these instances we are placed in a quandary. Because the utmost has been attempted we

have to apply the standards of the highest, while to some much less worthy effort we bring easier standards, and seem often to express a greater satisfaction. Let it first be said then, that however critical one may be, the *Macbeth* production must be seen by anyone who has a love for the theatre, and that the *Faust* stands among the first half-dozen great films we have seen. This latter succeeded so admirably that we saw in it the promise of the film of the future. Every incident was conveyed through a series of pictures which never wavered in their beauty of conscious composition, and often rose to heights of grandeur or of romanticism such as the most exacting critic and the most accepting kinema habitué alike would find inevitably satisfying. By taking almost every picture from some position slightly above the common level, by using steps and gradients in the studio-built architecture, the compositions of the pictures were made amazingly beautiful and interesting, and the arbitrary use of daring lighting and occasional vast silhouettes were a true use of the medium. If one criticizes the kinematography, it is that too often the "blot out" between the pictures was effected by smoke-screens, which, however much it makes for unity, loses much in good outline, and in this film at moments made one feel that the picture had been taken in a Turkish bath. Nor in critical truth did I think that Mr. Arnold Bennett's captions were on a level with the picture; but the employment of a reputable literary man in this capacity is a step in the right direction.

The *Macbeth* we have long waited for. Sybil Thorndike's particular genius as a tragic actress has marked the part as hers, and she fulfils it up to our expectations. Her vivid personality is the highest note in a production marked throughout by a rare sense of beauty and stage-craft. Indeed, it is both the triumph and the error of the play, as it flames and transcends the production of which it should form part, and carries on too emphatically the tradition of the play as the play of Lady Macbeth. As it happens that Mr. Ainsley's performance as the king is basically that of the weakling, this note is emphasized anew. It is, of course, the traditional way of producing the play; but to my mind it is a bad tradition. I yearn

to see a production of *Macbeth* with the conflict between Macbeth and evil destiny made the keynote, and his lady relegated to the part of instigator of the first base move and then his stumbling companion down the slope. It is not that Sybil Thorndike has not incorporated this. One moment, when she and the king sit clinging together in the darkened banqueting hall, beaten down by the gathering forces of their fate, was exquisite. *Macbeth* needs a great actress to play this part, but it demands an actor greater still who will give full significance to the title rôle so that we shall conceive a man strengthening in sin and beaten step by step backward into tragedy by the dark forces against which he wars. At first Macbeth has something of Hamlet in his irresolution; but the later moves are his without even the pre-knowledge of his consort.

Macbeth bears an interesting interpretation as a study in free will and predetermination, a problem of metaphysics which troubled the minds of the Renaissance thinkers. The inscrutable three sisters predict alike to Banquo and to Macbeth; the one makes no move to give human aid to their prophecy; the other broods, and, partly by his volition, partly by that of his wife, attempts to put the deed to the hand of Fate. Both might be the merest ingredients in that witches' cauldron; and Lady Macbeth, too, for all her power, her ambition, her passion for her lord, is but one more dark element in that hell broth.

In face of this present fine production, given thanks to the type of quick-change scene suggestion which Mr. Ricketts designs with such simple magnificence, almost without cuts and as Shakespeare wrote it, it seems carping to demand some other interpretation or other emphasis of values. And, perhaps, it were well rather to accept than thus to desire. A pageant of beautiful costumes against scenes of colourful, if too romantic, magnificence; Sybil Thorndike in a part worthy the genius of the greatest tragedienne; Mr. Basil Gill's fine Macduff; the balanced acting of all the minor parts; and the haunting music written by Mr. Granville Bantock, give us good measure well pressed down. It is not often that the great things of Shakespeare are done so greatly.

Books

LITERARY CRITICISM

A Study of Hamlet. By Cumberland Clark. Stratford-on-Avon: Shakespeare Head Press. 4s. 6d.

"Hamlet" has begotten not only a host of familiar quotations, but a host of commentators, whose frequent desire seems rather to produce something new to their own credit than to study what is there. I once met an intelligent mechanic who had improved the play by rewriting it, and this type is not unknown among the better-educated. I know nothing of Mr. Clark as a writer, but his "Study" is full of good sense and judgment. He begins, indeed, with rival theories, and no hint as to which is preferable; but, once in his stride, he settles down to an account of the action and characters which is as likely to win approval as any I have read. The now generally supposed original by Kyd on which the play was founded is lost; but we know enough of Kyd's extant work to deduce its character, and thus get rid of some of the problems which vex readers of *Hamlet*. Shakespeare was casual and lazy in taking and using plots. He left loose ends about from his sources, and consequently not everything in his text is pertinent or to be accepted as thought by him necessary for the play. Hamlet is of two ages, so far as the evidence goes, and we cannot be sure that Shakespeare saw the discrepancy. Sometimes he speaks as if he were an underdog rather than a prince. His abominable treatment of Ophelia in Act iii has shocked many readers, and may, as is suggested, be due to crude Elizabethan humour or a remnant of Kyd. To-day we cannot laugh at madness or any approach to it, or feel with Dr. Johnson that "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth."

What is clear is Shakespeare's intense and enthralling interest in his main figure. The others, as Mr. Clark points out, are designed to afford a contrast to him; but action and motive where they are concerned are not always certain. Too much fuss has been made about Hamlet's irresolution and zeal for reflection rather than action. A close reader of Shakespeare can see hints of this supreme character foreshadowed in previous plays. There is Richard II, for instance, saying: "I wasted time, and now doth time waste me," and "poor Brutus, with himself at war," who had to veil his demeanour to his friends.

The play has been acted in modern English clothes. Russian dress would have been more to the point, for if ever there was a school of writers

> "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

full of sad talk, cowardly conscience, and convulsive violence, it is the Russian of recent years. V. R.

A Literary History of the English People. Vol. iii. By J. J. Jusserand. Second edition. Fisher Unwin. 15s.

This volume is well known to many for its combination of charm and erudition. The author deals with Shakespeare, his predecessors and contemporaries with an easy skill that embodies a wide range of learning. In this revised edition he shows his vigilance in noting the latest books which touch his theme, even an American dissertation which throws a small sidelight on the period. As a foreigner, Dr. Jusserand cannot with all his learning always achieve the taste which is the birthright of an Englishman, but he has a knowledge of Continental literature belonging to few who are equally accomplished in English. He tells us that Ronsard was supposed to have worshipped in his verse "a far more shadowy being than Shakespeare's dark lady," and now it has been discovered that she was a real woman, and his name for her the one she actually bore. We are glad to see the Sonnets recognized as a real, if painful, story. Who, indeed, would have invented these deep agonies of remorse, passion, submissive love, and fierce resentment? Bacon is happily compared with Montaigne, and his failure is clearly exhibited as due to his way of thinking, though justice is done to his grandiose schemes. One might think that he had long ceased to be seriously regarded as a universal philosopher; but recently we came across a copy of the "Advancement of Learning," carefully annotated on every page by a scholar who had read it at least four times.

TRAVEL AND DISCOVERY

Gifts of Fortune. By H. M. Tomlinson. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The title of Mr. Tomlinson's latest collection of literary feuilletons is happily found, in so far as the passage from "The Merchant's Tale," whence it comes may be held to express, in a wider sense than Chaucer's irony covers, the illusory nature of man's mental contact with the world around him. In one only of the ten articles which, preceded by sixty-five pages of philosophical "Hints for Those About to Travel," make up the book, do we encounter an example of that gift of God which Chaucer opposes to the more shadowy gifts of fortune. She is a missionary's melancholy wife, who, amid a paradise in Malaya, sits all day in sight of the sea, and weeps when any ship passes homeward bound. Readers who require "heroines" must, if they are to enjoy this book, make the most of this poor lady, who speaks but three words, and of one or two half-breed, almond-eyed girls who do not speak at all, but whose glances convince an English traveller "that the art of coquetry has been nothing but a Western phrase."

The publishers describe "Gifts of Fortune" as an example of "fine writing," while the author himself, somewhere within its covers, admits the justice of a quoted complaint that, as a literary feuilletonist, he "betrayed no pure literary predilections." The publishers are justified in their description, and the author's admission can be accepted only if we allow that the qualification "pure," in the sense of "absolute," provides a loophole of escape against almost any such charge, even of preciosity, that could be brought against any writer.

Few modern writers less recall the style of Dickens than Mr. Tomlinson. Yet he is Dickensian in his treatment of places as if they were ships, of lamplit villages as constellations, of a wood on the downs as a raft on a chalky sea, or of a scorching motor by night as a comet. Above all, his metaphysical appreciation of the persistence of human experiences in the atmosphere of the scenes where they occurred may recall how habitually Dickens discovered the effect of tragedy and suffering in decaying buildings or the gloom of ancient avenues. Once, indeed, in descriptions of the riverside below the Tower of London, the essayist and the novelist do for a moment appear in unison. "Vessels that seemed to have got ashore, and houses that seemed to have got afloat," wrote Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," whereas Mr. Tomlinson, in his delightful story of a hurricane-loving parson called "The Storm Petrel," tells how "funnels were in the streets, apparently, and houses in the water."

As if to prove that these agreeable pages, however undeniably good literature, are not "pure" literature, lessons are taught therein, notably of the disappointments of travel. "One may see more orchids in Kew Gardens in a day than in a year of the tropical woods." W. H. H.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A DICTAPHONE. By SIR HENRY LUNN. Benn. 10s. 6d.

"TRAVEL" is the same word as "travail," and it is hard work, indeed, to rush, as the author did, round the world, making addresses and speeches and receiving profuse hospitality everywhere. Sir Henry, however, maintained his keen and kindly spirit throughout, and met several old friends as a set-off to pretentious humbugs. His purpose was to promote the League of Nations and unite the Christian Churches behind it, and his generosity in handing over the profits of his travel business to a foundation trust delivered him over to the exaggerations of the American journalist. He had to explain that he was a "millionaire in peppercorns, not in pounds." He gathered some very interesting verdicts concerning Prohibition and the rivalry and influence of various religious sects. Canada seems to have agreed

to a rather premature Union of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists.

In Australia Sir Henry noted the extravagances due to Labour rule and the passion for amusement. His wide interests are shown by his lament that the Tasmanian native has died without any collection of his folklore and by his account of the latest garden city, Canberra. The dictaphone saved him the labour of writing a diary and recorded several good stories. One of them tells how a man wanting a corkscrew on a Pullman dining-car asked for a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and having found one was able to borrow the implement at once. Sir Henry, with his wide experience and knowledge of men, is the sort of ambassador every cause would wish to have. His conclusions are the more impressive for their evident blend of fairness and geniality.

THE "ARCTURUS" ADVENTURE. An account of the New York Zoological Society's first Oceanographic Expedition. By WILLIAM BEEBE. Putnam. 25s.

WHEN Mr. Beebe, forsaking the depths of tropical jungles for the paths of the sea, visited the Galápagos archipelago in 1923, and gave the results of that expedition to the world in a volume published under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society, he established his reputation as a scientific naturalist, with the additional merit of being a popular writer. In the present work he presents the first fruits of a six months' oceanographic expedition to the Sargasso Sea and the Galápagos, conducted by himself, with a large staff of scientists and all the latest apparatus for deep-sea work. Mr. Beebe combines the highly-trained mind of a scientific observer with the buoyant enthusiasm of an undergraduate, and an abiding sense of the wonder and mystery of life on this insignificant planet. No dryasdust classifier of dead things is he, but a speculative philosopher, imbued with an almost Buddhist belief in the ultimate kinship of all things created, *homo sapiens* included. In Miss Ruth Rose, staff historian to the expedition, he has, moreover, a very gifted collaborator; the result of their labours is a work of fascinating interest from beginning to end, admirably illustrated with a profusion of pictures in colour and black-and-white. Very fearful and wonderful, and at the same time beautiful, are the portraits, drawn from life, of luminous and other deep-sea fishes. It is a book for every boy, and most men, to have and to hold; a book in which the pill of science, bent on recording phenomena which may lead to the ultimate solution of the mystery of adaptation, is pleasantly flavoured with the sugar of adventure. Side by side with learned dissertations on the philosophy of Xesurus, the yellow-tailed

surgeon-fish, and on the component parts of plankton, the reader will find, to use the author's words, "a popular presentation of the high lights and vivid experiences of the expedition," amongst which are a tale of treasure-hunting in Cocos, the isle of pirates, shark stories, and a remarkable account of the great volcanic eruption on Albemarle. But of all the interesting things described in these pages, none appeal more powerfully to the imagination than the descriptions and pictures of the little sea-devils, tiny sharks, and other minute but marvellous creatures which the *Arcturus* dredged from the depths of abysmal darkness and eternal silence, in which their lives are spent, six to nine hundred fathoms beneath the surface. In this dark under-water world, the law of tooth and claw reigns supreme. There being no vegetation at these vast depths, every living thing is compelled to feed on other animals, living or dead. This grim fact is strikingly reflected in the structure and habits of deep-sea creatures, such as *Diabolidium Arcturi*, a minute monster, four-fifths of whose body is an incredible mouth, provided with a lantern-bearing tentacle and long luminous teeth. It is a far cry from King David to the s.s. *Arcturus*, but as one reads of these things, one cannot but recall the words of the Psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

J. O. P. BLAND.

HISTORY

A Short Life of Marlborough. By Henry John Edwards and Ethel Ashton Edwards. Bell. 7s. 6d.

The late H. J. Edwards was one of the most accomplished dons of his time at Cambridge, and from early days made himself expert in military science. Securing, some years since, a fine series of maps of Marlborough's campaigns, he studied keenly the great soldier's life, and this book, which is well finished by his widow, is the result. It is a concise and lucid account, specially valuable for its clear exposition of tactics, with maps and tables of events by a master of history-teaching. Marlborough became "the wealthiest subject in Europe," and Macaulay called his public life "a prodigy of turpitude." This was, perhaps, hardly a fair view, like the hero-worship which in this book sees little wrong. But to-day it is the supreme soldier that matters to us, the man who, as at Blenheim, took risks and justified them, winning by the final charge of his cavalry. Villars, the right-hand man of the Grand Monarch, was always for caution. The blundering rashness of the Prince of Orange nearly lost the expensive battle of Malplaquet, but he lost his head, which Marlborough never did. His "sanity and calm" were "almost miraculous." The measure

of his success depended on his ability to impose his views on his associates in war. He was often hampered by the doubts and fears of foreign generals. The account of the attack on the French lines in 1705 shows the difficulties of composite armies and the dangers of army councils. After Ramillies, Marlborough was acknowledged supreme. But he had always to face the opposition of politicians at home. Being a "good Englishman," he had many chances of getting used to that sort of criticism.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY. By SIR JOHN FORTESCUE. Williams and Norgate. 2s. 6d.

LUCIAN, the first man to write on the proper way of composing history, explains that in his day such writing amounted to a disease. Everybody was flattering some big man, with hopes of a big return for his exaggerations. Lucian would have his historian "imperturbable, incorruptible, and independent" with a zeal for the truth only. That is well enough as an ideal, but a modern race of scholars has found great difficulty in reaching *la vraie vérité*. Motives for this action or that have often to be conjectured. The normal life, too, of any tolerably untroubled period is uncertain, since history, as Gibbon said, "is little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." To-day, further, we have the disputes about the scientific and artistic conception of history. In fact, there are so many difficulties to face that one wonders how it gets written at all. A modest man might clear the field by suggesting that "history" is, according to the Greek, "inquiry," not "certainty."

Sir John is an admirable historian in his special line, and here he is both wise and humorous. While he does not shirk the difficulties of training, he roundly declares that imagination, "over and above conscientious study, industry and love of truth," is the quality the historian specially needs. It is "a recreative and representative function." Anatole France anticipated this view in "Penguin Island." When he went to the archæologists and palæographers about his difficulties, they gave him a smile of pity which seemed to say, "We are purely and simply publishers of texts. . . We keep to the letter. . . The spirit is not there. One must be very vain to write history; one must have imagination."

But what a charm there is, as Sir John notes, in reading the real document and mastering it when it is shockingly written or otherwise obscure! Out of this the historian must produce not something scientific, but something readable; if he is unreadable, his work is wasted. The hints about fixing of scale, arrangement, and the art of transition are eminently sensible.

Sir John talks with the enthusiasm of an artist, who makes his work as perfect as he can. Clio was one of the Muses; and often the labour of love is the chief reward for her scholars.

CRITICAL IMPRESSIONS

THE VANISHED EMPIRE. By PUTNAM WEALE. Macmillan. 15s.

MUCH water and a great deal of innocent blood have flowed under the bridges of China since Mr. Putnam Weale wrote the first of his many books about that country. With the passing years he has come to many different conclusions as to the causes of Chinese unrest and suggested a number of remedies for their removal, but although his present mood is one of pessimistic disillusionment, his utterances preserve their almost Wellsian oracular quality, combined with a certain stimulating breeziness, which makes his work attractive, even when his conclusions fail to carry conviction. In "The Vanished Empire" his purpose is to "present to readers who may have become interested in the drama which has overwhelmed Chinese civilization, the historical reasons for its collapse." This he does, first by tracing in broad outline the history of the building of Imperial China and then by explaining "the manner in which the sea washed away its foundations"; that is to say, he attributes the decline and fall of the Chinese Empire to its rulers' persistent ignorance and neglect of the importance of sea-power, which incapacitated them from offering any successful resistance to the invasion of the West. The thesis is in itself interesting, and the arguments ingenious; but many students of Chinese history (including the present writer) may be disposed to question from the outset the assumption that China's civilization has, in fact, collapsed, or that it is likely to collapse, as the result of the present paroxysm of internecine strife. If there is one conclusion which stands out more clearly than another from the long record of the Middle Kingdom, it is that dynasties may wax and wane, frontiers expand and recede, but the social structure which is China's civilization, the type of mind and ethical standards reflected in, and perpetuated by, Confucianism, have persisted throughout long ages, unshaken by civil wars, foreign domination, plague, pestilence, and famine.

In the latter part of the present work, entitled "The Battle that has no End," Mr. Weale gives in detail a working account of the existing administration, covering the period from October, 1925, to July, 1926, or, rather, his personal impressions of that administration, as recorded from day to day in his diary. These impressions are always interesting, even when, as sometimes occurs, their accuracy has been disproved by events; in a series

of moving pictures they convey a fair idea of the atmosphere of alarms and excursions prevailing in and around the Legation quarter during these troublous times. From the author's running commentary on current events the reader will gather that he foresees no prospect of "business as usual" in China unless rescue comes from abroad; he believes that things may well go on as they are going, the way of chaos, for the next thirty years, "were it not for the fact that the patience of the West will finally be worn out." As that patience shows no visible signs of impending exhaustion at the moment, the immediate outlook for the British merchant in China would appear to be anything but rosy. Mr. Weale's book ends significantly with the words "over which falls the grim shadow of Russia. . . ."

J. O. P. BLAND.

LETTERS TO AMERICA. By BERNARD GILBERT. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. £1 1s.

IN this, the eighth and latest volume, presenting a peculiarly self-centred district of England before the war, Mr. Gilbert records impressions of life and people somewhere near the Wash, through the medium of letters supposed to be written by a financially independent author to a friend in Massachusetts. Hugo Thorpe complicates matters after the manner of Clissold in Mr. Wells's recent book. Unless we accept Thorpe's views and observations as expressing Mr. Gilbert's judgments on things generally, and his experiences among the dykes and fens, the value of the book is greatly diminished. If, on the other hand, we regard the two men as intellectually one, these "Letters" have considerable attraction, especially for those who share Mr. Gilbert's undoubted appreciation of rural England as it was before American films and urban wireless came to destroy rapidly the time-developed character of the countryside. Strong admiration of Chaucer, Skelton, and Blake, and rather acid depreciation of Henry James are salient points in Thorpe.

A rustic "criminal mystery," a touch of romance on the ice, and a well-drawn portrait of a nonagenarian peer of the feudal type are attractive features of the book. It contains much that will please even readers who may be irritated by some of its sociological, theological, or political tendencies.

W. H. H.

TRANSLATIONS

STORIES AND DRAMAS. Hitherto unpublished. By LEO N. TOLSTOY. Dent. 7s. 6d.

WHEN a writer has attained the world-eminence of Tolstoy, the publication of every discoverable piece of his writing is inevitable, and even, one might argue, desirable. If the value

is not intrinsic, then it is historic; even the noddings of Homer must not pass unnoticed.

This collection of thirteen new pieces by Tolstoy, including a full-length play, needs, in the main, no apology. They are of a piece with the body of his work, and since they date variously from 1851 to within four months of his death, they reveal his literary and mental development. To English readers of to-day there is always a feeling of self-consciousness approaching priggishness about the work of Tolstoy, as, indeed, there is in the more serious English writers of last century. Amusingly enough, the play which is the most important piece in the book satirizes just this conscious righteousness and sense of social progress. It is well to see Tolstoy laughing. The book reveals him in many moods, and is a welcome addition to his writings.

THE BACCHANALS OF EURIPIDES. Rendered into English in the original metres by MARGARET KINMONT TENNANT. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

LITERATURE with any dignity in it is so rare nowadays that we are always glad to see competent translations of the Greek drama keeping clear of imported sentiment and the canine fidelity of the unpoetical. Miss Tennant has made quite a good version of the *Bacchæ*, the splendid, if rather obscure, work of a master-thinker in his maturity. The end of the play is lost, but it can be filled out from a creditable source, and the translator has done this well, though we rather doubt her policy of making additions to the available Greek. She has had the courage to do the choruses in unrhymed lines, which get much nearer the original than pretty work decked out with rhymes. Thus these lines are quite effective:

Be heart free of the arrogant fellowship,
The vainglorious wise men.
And humbly offer
In simplicity
The faith of poor men,
And the old observance.

The problems of "Quantity and Accent" are considered in a well-supported appendix. Miss Tennant does not, perhaps, sympathize with the advanced school of Verrall, but she can find an explanation of the apparent ruin of the palace among the higher critics who, she thinks, have not tackled it. See, for instance, the book on "Greek Tragedy" (1920), by Prof. Norwood.

GENERAL

THE ENGRAVED DESIGNS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By LAURENCE BINYON. Ernest Benn. £6 6s.

THIS stately companion volume to Mr. Darrell Figgis's "Paintings of William Blake," comes with such a wealth of

reproductions that we hardly dare to look so exquisitely caparisoned a gift horse in the mouth. Twenty plates in colour and sixty-two in collotype, each given a large quarto page *solus* position with its title on the interleaf tissue, constitute a collection of Blake studies. In this respect the publishers have done their work well.

If we hesitate in praise, it is at the text. Mr. Binyon has taken up the work which Mr. Figgis's tragic end left undone, and one would say that no better choice were possible. His colossal knowledge of prints and the technique of engraving, his opportunities for research, and his literary eminence as critic-essayist and poet would give him title to the task. Little wonder then if we grow impatient when he uses over one hundred of his pages for a catalogue *raisonné* of Blake's engraved works, and relegates all other comment to a mere thirty pages. As that catalogue has been approximately done before both by Mr. Archibald Russell and Dr. Geoffrey Keynes it adds little to our knowledge. How gladly we would have forgone this for a more detailed development of theme, either technically as to Blake's experiments and inventions, artistically as to his design, or upon the meaning and significance of his engravings. The thirty pages are rich in these helps and hints to our understanding, and whet our appetite for more.

The passage of a century and the piercing of the heavy veils of scientific materialism by the philosophic mysticism which increasingly dominates current thought have brought us nearer to appreciating Blake. What most we need is guidance to his language—the symbology of form and colour in the paintings, the symbology of persons and ideas in the literature. Mr. Binyon has revealed in scattered hints his capacity for that task, and it is small consolation to us that he has so adequately performed another.

FRENCH OF TO-DAY. A Dictionary of Words and Phrases in Common Use. By H. N. ADAIR. French–English. Sidgwick and Jackson.

THIS book runs to 269 pages of clear type, and within its limits should be very useful to readers who are beginning to study French. It is the work of an experienced teacher who knows that idioms are the chief source of difficulty. Thus a common verb like *entrer* leads to *entrer en condition*, to become a servant, and *entrer au service*, to go into the army. *Tenir* in various connections occupies more than a page. The omission of words obvious in sense, such as *intrépide*, is a very sensible idea. Thus there is room for the words modern science has introduced to daily life, such as *manchon*, gas mantle, and *poste à galère*, which means a crystal set for the wireless enthusiast.

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